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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1958.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Cruelty?

How ought we to react to the news that a monkey has been sent up 60,000 feet in a balloon, or that rabbits of varying ages have been inoculated with Strontium 90, or that "Wickie" the mouse and "Laika" the dog have been shot up in rockets and satellites hundreds of miles above the earth—all to pioneer the unknown?

Depending on whether or not we owned a dog and our attitude to mice, rabbits and monkeys, our answers would vary. None would of course approve the wanton destruction of animals and the question for most would possibly be resolved if it could be proved that the ends justified the means. Most, but by no means all, however, where animals have their advocates.

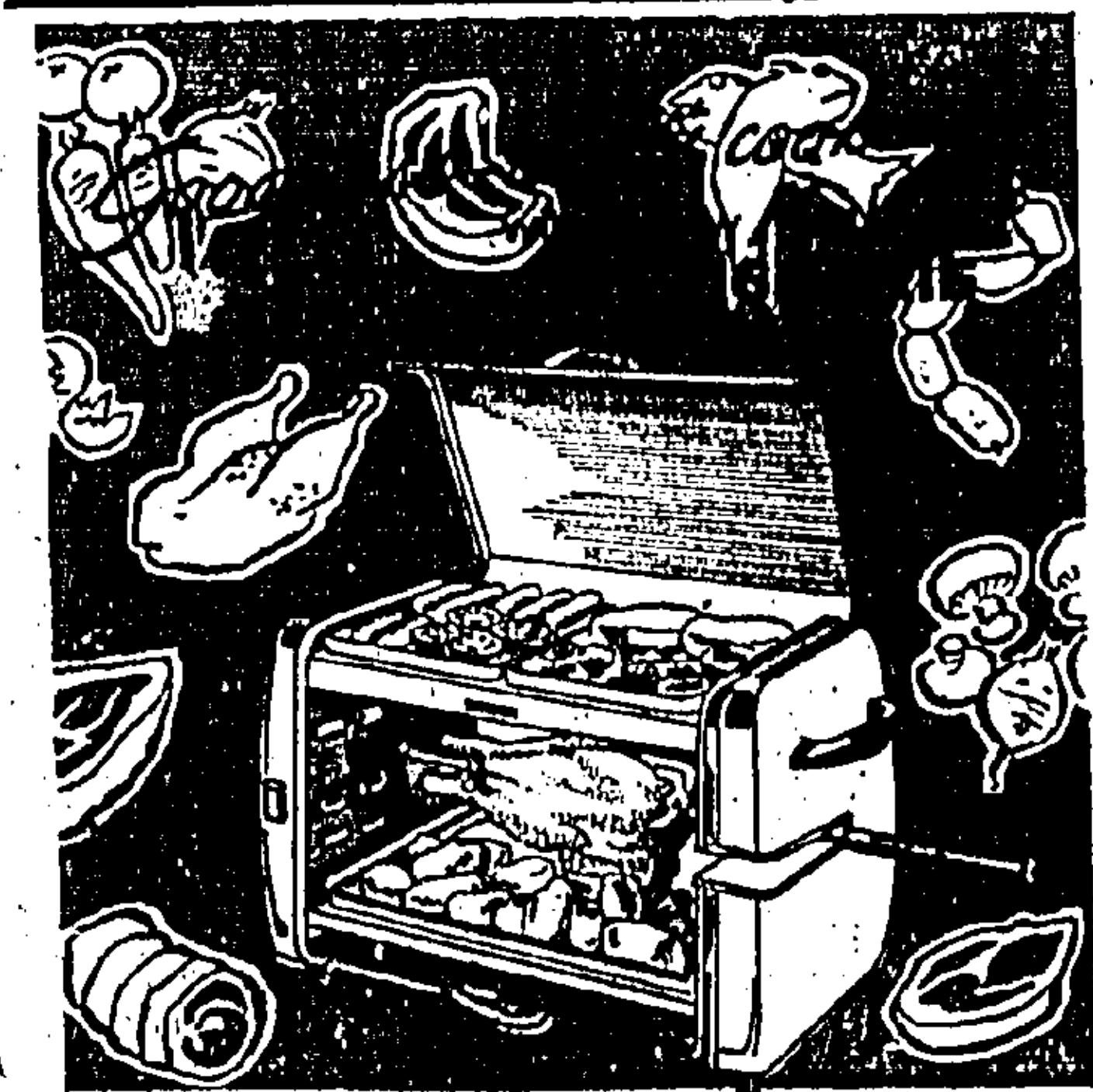
Nor are these people in any way exceptional in their love and deep feeling for a form of life that has been much exploited and degraded in man's history—though there are of course cranks aplenty. But in an age where callousness is so much in evidence, conscience needs prodding on the value of all life and the question remains: are we right to inflict pain and suffering on animals so that ways may be found for us to avoid it?

No Easy Answer

THERE is no easy answer. On Biblical authority, man is the supreme creation of God though he has been often chastened for abusing this supremacy. There is no writ for premeditated cruelty, however, and the example of St. Francis of Assisi is the paragon for all Christians. Conscience also dictates compassion. The faithful dog who has on countless occasions been found standing guard over his wounded master is not fairly honoured by laboratory experiments. Then there is this consideration:

A correspondent recently wrote thus to a London newspaper: "I sometimes wonder if those super-sentimentalists who bemoan the fate of mice used in the cause of cancer research have ever been brought face to face with the horror of cancer, and whether, if they did, they would not gladly sacrifice a mouse in the hope of finding a cure. If, as in my own family experience, they had watched a lively attractive child of four die of this disease, they might change their views."

It seems that if sentiment, emotion and morality are discarded, what we are left with is the rational approach. And as insects are chemically exterminated, mice trapped and suffocated, birds shot and animals hunted—all involving varying degrees of pain and suffering—the interests of science and the progress of humanity cannot reasonably be ignored if it entails a similar process.



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HAMMARSKJOLD'S SUGGESTIONS TO UN GENERAL ASSEMBLY PEACE PLAN FOR MID-EAST

Sobolev Attacks Britain And United States

By BRUCE W. MUNN

United Nations, Aug. 8. The United Nations General Assembly opened its emergency session on the Middle East today and adjourned until next Wednesday after hearing Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold outline a sweeping peace plan for the area.

The 81-nation assembly adjourned after a 35-minute opening session to allow time for Foreign Ministers—including Russia's Andrei Gromyko and Britain's Selwyn Lloyd—to come here for the debate.

The session was highlighted by a speech in which Hammarskjold indicated an international police force might be needed in Lebanon and a strengthening of the U.N. Palestine Truce Supervision Organisation to stabilise the situation in shabby Jordan.

Mr. Sobolev's attack came as a surprise, for he was understood to have told Mr. Hammarskjold before the meeting that he would have nothing to say. In any event, Mr. Sobolev contented himself with a mild polemical outburst and did not, as some had expected, launch a campaign to oust Nationalist China in favour of a Chinese Communist delegation.

Spurned

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge said the United States had made it clear that it would withdraw its troops whenever the Lebanon requested such action and said he would "not dwell on the astonishing spectacle of the representative of a government which has for two years spurned U.N. requests to withdraw its troops from Hungary to speak as Mr. Sobolev has just done."

"It has become clear that the purpose of the Soviet Union in pressing for a special General Assembly was because of the chance which they think it will afford to attack the United States," Mr. Lodge said. "But that was clearly not the purpose of the Security Council yesterday when it voted for the U.S. resolution under the terms of which this Assembly is being held now....—U.P.I."

Margaret To See Mock Atomic Explosions

Frederickton, Aug. 8. Princess Margaret will see two mock atomic explosions during army exercises at Camp Borden, New Brunswick, tomorrow, it was announced today.

The Canadian Army, announcing a last-minute change in plans for the Princess' visit to the camp, said that at her request, infantry and armoured groups would stage a mock battle.

Princess Margaret was originally scheduled only to tour the military camp as part of her visit to Canada.

Today, Princess Margaret was spending a quiet day at a summer cottage on the St. John river, about seven miles north of here.—Reuter.

Dirk Bogarde Loses Fight

Schoolgirl Fans On His Doorstep

Amersham, Aug. 8. Film star Dirk Bogarde, who is Britain's top box office money-maker, today learned that hundreds of possible schoolgirl fans would be quartered almost on his doorstep.

Despite the 37-year-old film actor's protests, the Minister of Housing decided a new £200,000 girls' school could be built in the park next to Bogarde's elegant country home here.

But it must be in the corner where it will be "least conspicuous," the Minister added. Bogarde told an inquiry earlier this year he had built a 200-yard-long, 20-foot high defensive earth mound—it was described as "Bogarde's Bastion"—to screen his 18th century house from the school.

The County Council has promised a further "barrier" of trees—and an unclimbable fence.—China Mail Special.

Stalemate Reached In Anglo-Greek Talks?

Athens, Aug. 8.

British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan conferred twice today with Greek Premier Constantine Karamanlis in an effort to cut through the Gordian knot of Cyprus, three-year-old revolt.

Participants left the conference without comment or even the usual greetings to reporters. This was interpreted as an indication of stalemate.

The statesmen are due to meet again tomorrow morning.

Meanwhile conflicting reports arose on the probability of Macmillan meeting with U.S. Presidential envoy Robert Murphy.

MAY POSTPONE

It had been authoritatively reported that Macmillan would postpone his departure for Ankara and talks with Turkish Premier Adnan Menderes from tomorrow evening until Sunday.

Murphy is due to arrive tomorrow afternoon from Addis Ababa (Ethiopia).

But a British embassy spokesman indicated that Macmillan might leave as originally scheduled.

TRAITORS

In Nicosia, the Cypriot Greek independence movement, EOKA, was believed to have launched a campaign to "clean up traitors" during the current truce, after the announcement today that another Cypriot Greek had been shot dead.

This is the fourth case since the truce was announced last Monday.

Meanwhile the Turkish underground movement TMT issued leaflets today alleging that Cypriot Turk policemen were being sent to Turkey "for spying purposes."

£9 MILLION BATTLESHIP FOR SCRAPHEAP

London, Aug. 8.

Vanguard, Britain's last and biggest battleship which has never fired a shot in anger is to be scrapped—unless a "positive" function can be found for her.

This course is recommended by a select committee on estimates in a report to Parliament today.

Vanguard, launched in November 1944, and completed in April, 1946 cost £9 million. She is a vessel of 44,500 tons, and when at sea cost £23,000 daily to maintain.

For some time she was part of the NATO naval reserve and was kept at a high state of readiness.

Now Vanguard is being used as the administration headquarters of the reserve fleet and for training in seamanship.

The committee said the estimated cost in 1957-58 of maintaining the battleship in reserve was £230,000. Her last refit cost £720,000 and she consumes oil at the rate of 6,000 tons a year.

Bagdad Trials

Bagdad, Aug. 8.

Unconfirmed reports in the usually reliable newspaper Al-Bilad said today that trials of political prisoners of the pre-revolt regime will begin early next week.—China Mail Special.

Nuclear Tests

Geneva, Aug. 8.

The East-West nuclear tests detection conference is "doing well" and should conclude by the end of next week, an authoritative source said here today.—China Mail Special.

BING HAS HIS FIFTH SON

Los Angeles, Aug. 8. Bing Crosby became the father of a boy today born to his actress wife, the former Kathy Grant, in Queen of Angels hospital.

Mother and child were described as "doing fine."

The baby weighs seven pounds nine ounces.

It is the fifth son for Crosby. He has four grown sons by his late wife, Dixie Lee Crosby.

Crosby told reporters later: "We were hoping for a girl but of course were very happy with the little fellow."

The actor-crooner said he and Mrs. Crosby, 24, had prepared for a girl with an oil-pink toyette.

"We were going to call her Mary Frances," he added, "but now we'll have to get another name."

"Kathy's mother will pick out the name. We decided she could have the privilege if it was a boy."

Crosby is 54, his first wife died of cancer in 1932. He and Miss Grant were married in Las Vegas, Nevada, last October.

The new baby's step-brothers are Gary, 25, Dennis and Philip, 24-year-old twins, and Lindsay, 20.—Reuter.

There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West; Won't you fly there with me?

- ★ From HONG KONG to EUROPE every Wednesday & Sunday.
- ★ 7 flights a week to EUROPE from DOMBAY.
- ★ Choice of stopovers in CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, DELHI, DAKAR, PRAGUE, DUSSELDORF, ZURICH, GENEVA, PARIS.
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Nautilus Pioneers Historic Voyage Under North Pole

Washington, Aug. 8.

The White House disclosed today that the atom-powered submarine Nautilus has completed man's first voyage under the North Pole.

It said the historic voyage beneath the ice from Pacific to Atlantic waters presages a new commercial route under the Pole for giant cargo submarines powered by splitting atoms.

Disclosure

The White House disclosed the new feat of the world's first nuclear sub at a ceremony in which President Eisenhower awarded the Legion Of Merit to the Nautilus skipper, Cmdr. W. R. Anderson, of Balaklava, Tennessee.

Anderson and 110 crewmen sailed aboard the Nautilus from Honolulu on July 23 on a voyage destined to take the sub 8,000 miles through three oceans to Europe.

It charted a new route in man's long conquest of the seas, discovered an unsuspected deep channel to the Arctic, and found undersea mountain ranges not previously known.

Not once did the submarine's power plant, using primordial energy first tapped by the stars, falter or fail.

Discovery

The Nautilus found and followed a "deep sea valley" 300 to 1,200 feet deep into the Arctic Sea-baski. Under the Pole it discovered that the water was 13,410 feet deep, 1,927 feet deeper than supposed.

It also discovered ranges of mountains existing deep under the Arctic ice.

From Hawaii to the Atlantic the Nautilus cruised at a smooth 20 knots.

Disclosure of the feat came after a suspenseful three hours following a cryptic announcement by White House Secretary James C. Hagerty that President Eisenhower would participate in a newsworthy ceremony that would produce "a very good story."

Hagerty declined firmly to hint at the nature of the story.—U.P.I.

Nasser's Visit

Rome, Aug. 8.

A Rome newspaper said today that Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser would visit Italy at the end of September.—U.P.I.

TYPHOON THREAT PASSES

Junks and sampans sailed forth from typhoon shelter this morning following the lowering of No. 3 local storm signal at 5.30 a.m.

The sea lost its sudden, leaden appearance and winds which had risen to a peak of 62 knots during the three-day storm, dropped away to occasional light gusts.

The typhoon passed over the coast about 100 miles west-south-west of Hongkong and degenerated.

The following statement was issued by the Royal Observatory at 6.30 a.m. today:

At 6.30 a.m. local storm signals were lowered this morning as the typhoon moved on to the coast about 100 miles west-south-west of Hongkong and showed signs of weakening.

This typhoon was first detected as a depression 150 miles to the south-east of the Colony on Tuesday.

It moved slowly westward on Wednesday and Thursday but yesterday assumed a more northerly track which took it to within about 110 miles of Hongkong.

80 KNOTS

At this stage, winds exceeding 80 knots were being reported near the centre.

Waglan has been reporting strong winds for 70 hours with gusts to 54 knots, while winds at the observatory have been intermittently strong for 20 hours with a peak gust of 62 knots.

The total rainfall in Hongkong associated with the storm was over 1½ inches.

The No. 1 signal was first hoisted at 10.30 p.m. on Tuesday and No. 3 followed from 9.45 a.m. on Wednesday to 5.30 a.m. today.—Reuter.

BACARDI Carta Blanca RUM



"BACARDI COCKTAIL"
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of ½ lime for
lemon; 2 dashes
Grenadine Syrup Shake
well with cracked ice
and strain.

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KING'S PRINCESS

• TO-DAY •

ALL HIGHLIGHTS OF 35 MATCHES
Played by the Teams from 16 Countries

WORLD FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1958

Two Full Hours of Documentary
With English Commentary
Released by Pathe Overseas Limited

Complimentary Tickets Not Valid

KING'S TO-MORROW

At 12.00 noon Extra Performance of
"WORLD FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP
OF 1958"

Regular Admission Prices

PRINCESS Week-end

To-day at 12.30 p.m. Paramount presents
Danny Kaye — Bing Crosby — Rosemary Clooney
in "WHITE CHRISTMAS"

In VistaVision & Technicolor

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Variety Programme
20th Century-Fox

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS: Mighty Mouse, etc.
Free LIFE SAVERS Candies at Cartoon Show

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. M-G-M presents
Errol Flynn & Dean Stockwell in
"KIM"

In Technicolor

Matinee Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★

BY INSISTENT PUBLIC DEMAND!
PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL TIMES:
AT 2.30, 6.00 & 9.00 P.M.

5 ACADEMY AWARDS WINNER!
Franz Werfel's
**THE SONG OF
BERNADETTE**
with JENNIFER JONES

Directed by HENRY KING
DON'T MISS THIS MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION!
BOOK EARLY!

ROXY & BROADWAY: 4 SHOWS TO-MORROW
At 12.00 Noon, 3.00, 6.00 & 9.00 P.M.
"THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.
THREE STOOGES COMEDY & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

— SHOWING TO-DAY SIMULTANEOUSLY —
4 SHOWS DAILY AT 2.30—5.30—7.30—9.30 P.M.

JERRY WALKER'S PRODUCTION
WILLIAM FAULKNER'S
**The Long
Hot
Summer**
CINEMASCOPE
PAUL NEWMAN — JOANNE WOODWARD — ANTHONY FRANCOSA
ORSON WELLES — LEE REMICK — ANGELA LANSBURY
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
"BUS STOP" || "PILLARS OF THE SKY"

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FILMS Current and Coming by Lucy Downing

THE lovely Devonshire town of Sidmouth (called Frogmouth for film purposes) with its red cliffs, its green cricket pitch on the seaford and well-tended public gardens was chosen as the setting for the "Prescription Murder" picture showing at the Roxy and Broadway.

Marius Goring stars as Dr. Dyer, a highly-respected general practitioner in a rather exclusive seaside resort where many retired people of means live gentle, uneventful lives, or hope to anyway.

Mary Merrall, one of Britain's character actresses, lends delightful comedy touches as Miss Bettyhill who resides in the private hotel and enjoys a little chit-chat.

Rick Jason, Hollywood star, playing a young American Jethro who conducts a penetrating investigation into the doctor's past, finds that Dr. Dyer's private life is clouded with tragedy. He has married three times and each of his wives have met violent and sudden death. Now his pretty secretary, Lisa Gastoni as the lovely Kitty Mortlock, is mysteriously bedridden.

Jethro ploughs doggedly on sifting scraps of gossip and information. He is particularly interested in details of the late Stella, formerly wife of the doctor. Stella is nicely played by Sandu Scott, a Michigan blonde rather like Kim Novak who is sure to attract wolf whistles from the back stalls.

THERE are a number of revivals showing or about to be shown in the Colony. Because of the Lourdes Centenary this year "The Song of Bernadette" starring Jennifer Jones at her loveliest and best is due to commence at the Roxy and Broadway on Sunday sandwiched between "Prescription Murder" and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed." "Chase a Crooked Shadow" has returned to the Lee and Astor in response to requests from many fans. This is one of the most exciting shadowy films of complex characters and tense situations recently seen. In fact, Anne Baxter's screen when confronted with a woman carrying a nightgown of warm milk to soothe her nerves echoed by half the audience in the crowded theatre. "Living It Up" and "The Kid" are additional revivals, well-worth a visit.

EVIDENTLY Paris goes down in a big way with Hongkong cinema-goers. "Paris Holiday" is still whooping it up at the Metropole and Star; while "Paris by Night" continued to cast its Afra-colour allure at the Lee and Astor, until today when it was replaced by "Chase a Crooked Shadow".

Capitol Theatre
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
The Most Thrilling Story of the Marines Ever Filmed!
★ QUOTE EVERY MOUTH ★
BEACHHEAD
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 12.30 P.M.
JOHN WAYNE
SUBAN HAYWARD
in "THE CONQUEROR"
in Technicolor

"Bayer's"
TONIC
BAYER

The Hope/Fernandel combination in the former film is a jolly good one. While Hope, living up to his name, awaits audience appreciation of each wisecrack, Fernandel, naturally funny, is silently stealing the limelight with his earnest interpretations so like a well-trained chimpanzee. Forgive me, Fernie, Anita Ekberg as the hot and husky-voiced spy leaves me as cold as she did Bob Hope. Or so it appeared. While she was murmuring "Je t'adore", he wildly glided an excuse to look away, twisted towards the door and replied, "It's shut."

Martha Hyer, normally attractive and well-cast as the American Embassy employee, produces a charming, carefree, and whimsical of her own and stands up well to the male comedians while Anita is drooping around.

★
IT is regretted that information contained in these columns last weekend

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "World Football Championship of 1958." Excellent documentary of 35 football games including the Final between Brazil and Sweden played on June 20 in Stockholm. Takes the spectator out on to the field. Exciting back and white sequences in the 9800 foot film which takes nearly two hours to watch. Ufa film Company, Germany.

HOOVER & RITZ: "Witness for the Prosecution." An expensive mystery melodrama brought to the screen through United Artists. An Arthur Hornblow production starring Charles Laughton, Tyrone Power and Marlene Dietrich, with Elsa Lanchester and John Williams.

Agatha Christie received nearly half a million dollars in United States currency for the sensational story, adapted for the screen by Billy Wilder and as a stage play it was famous for its unexpected and baffling ending. With Charles Laughton, distinguished and articulate as ever, as the brilliant lawyer, Tyrone Power as the likable accused husband of Marlene Dietrich who gives damning testimony against him. Elsa Lanchester gives and -familiar performance as the lawyer's wife, a nurse who would like to do him to her apron strings.

LEE & ASTOR: "Chase a Crooked Shadow." Richard Todd in a thrilling whodunit with Anne Baxter, Herbert Ross and Alexander Knox. Directed by Michael. (Around the World in 80

ROXY & BROADWAY: "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed." Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney and Mickey Shagheness as horse-mad men in a good-humored story concerning vitamin pills, training race horses and bank robberies of an hilarious nature.

Tom Ewell (of "The Seven-Year Itch" fame) is better than ever as soft-hearted, naïve Rogers who can be persuaded to enter any criminal undertaking (with a certain amount of innocence) by bombastic Gus Haines (Mickey Rooney). Mickey Shagheness as the accomplished tout is the third of the unholy trio who finally end up in jail. The viewer has many pills to swallow. They are so well-coated in pink sugar that a happy and relaxed frame of mind is inevitably reached by the time the film ends.

HOOVER: "The Law and Jake Wade." Red Indians scalp - hunting, desperate men - treasure - hunting and a lovely girl held captive. These are some of the exciting ingredients of the film starring Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark and Patricia Owens (of Savanara) in Cinemascope and Metrocolor.

Produced by William Hawks and based on a gold mine novel by Marvin H. Albert, "The Conqueror" history reunites former hold-up partners with blood-curdling consequences. Set in the sweeping grandeur of the High Sierras, a Western with suspense and dramatic climax.

turned out to be incorrect because of a last-minute hiatus between two theatres.

Although advice had been given that "Witness for the Prosecution" would be showing at the Hoover and Liberty on Saturday last, the latter theatre did not agree to the simultaneous showing and the film until a Knowlton cinema could be found to show one of the finest mystery dramas to be brought to the screen.

Now the Agatha Christie thriller can be seen at the Hoover and the Ritz. Charles Laughton is outstanding as the super-Sir Wilfred Roberts, an acting vehicle which carries him to new heights in his long and distinguished career.

His mobile, low-lapped face, partly Churchillian stances and clear articulation, sometimes stabbing with venom, sometimes trickling with honey, are

Days) Anderson. Shadowy mystery story involving London's underworld (Anne Baxter) recuperating from family bereavements, who finds a plausible rogue (Richard Todd) in possession of her Spanish villa. He claims to be her long-lost brother and has uncanny knowledge of her personal idiosyncracies; convinces her uncle (Alexander Knox) and police official (Herbert Ross) - almost anyway.

METROPOLE & STAR: "Paris Holiday." Spangled with stars - Bob Hope, Fernandel, Anita Ekberg, Martha Hyer and Irene Tung. How to see Paris without being incriminated - Elmer Tower, Montmartre, Marlene Dietrich and the Left Bank with hilarious Hope, funny Fernandel and winsome women.

A riotous romp centred on a sinister espionage set-up with Hope and Fernandel as double agents, the first time on film. United Artists release also in Technicolor and Techniscope.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Treasure Island." Tempting production starring Martin Gering, Rick Jason, Lisa Gastoni and Mary Merrall. Based upon Joan Fleming's British bestseller about a good doctor whose wives died mysteriously. Exciting and fast-paced supporting cast. Splendid entertainment for amateur detectives who like their thrillers interspersed with comedy. To be followed by a revival of "The Song of Bernadette." Jennifer Jones at her best in the lovely Lourdes story.

COMING

Delightful story of a slum-dweller who has a founding child thrust upon him, who brings him up with certain standards of hygiene and behaviour to be a tough and lovable youngster able to outwit the police and the street bully. Melodrama, pathos and entertainment at genius level, all evident despite the outmoded technique of the cinematograph art.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Living It Up." Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in a musical comedy. Described as a merry mélange of music and mirth. Featuring Sherree North in her famous jitterbug routine, and Janet Leigh and Edward Arnold as co-stars.

About one Homer Flagg whose ambition is to get New York. He jumps a freight car in Desert Hole, New Mexico and after unforeseen adventures is pronounced radio-active. A newspaper decides to bring him to New York for life's last fling, and send an appropriate sob-sister. The sob-sister is Janet Leigh, bosomy and not over-bright. Jerry Lewis plays Homer and Dean Martin is his medical attendant.

LEE & ASTOR: "Violent Playground." A powerful and provocative film featuring Stanley Baker, Peter Cushing, Anne Heywood and David McCallum. A tough detective is deflected by befuddled hook-nosed children and prevent them from turning to crime. His adventures around the Liverpool streets with teenage gangsters and Rock 'n' Roll. Good with realistic intensity, machine guns in view, and a killer on the run, are the main features.

used to the full in this powerful characterisation. Who could be a more perfect foil to this colossus of the screen than his own talented wife, Elsa Lanchester?

In her interpretation of the fussy, faithful nurse with tinkling laugh and gauche camaraderie, she shows consummate skill in handling a man outsize in build and temperament. Even to letting him think that he hoodwinks her completely.

Tyrone Power does well with a complex character of a likable man, accused of murder. Startling well in the witness box with courteous and mild manner, he is prodded to passionate frenzy in proclaiming his innocence after evidence given by his bigamous wife, Christine Vole-Helm.

This role is splendidly played by the inscrutable Marlene Dietrich, glamorous as ever, who in her damaging testimony destroys Vole's claim that he had been home at the time of the murder. Further, she states that Vole admitted killing Mrs. French, the victim played by Norma Varden. This film is clearly made and well-directed by Billy Wilder and producer Arthur Hornblow. There is restraint and then a sudden unleashed and electrifying denouement, slick dialogue and torrents of eloquence. The cinema-goer may think he knows most of the answers and then finds out that he had guessed wrong for once.

A LARGE and enthusiastic preview audience attended the film of the World Cup soccer championships showing at the King's and Princess, entitled "World Football Championships of 1958." This is a fine documentary film of 35 football games played in different parts of the world during the last season.

It is in marked contrast to the film on the 1958 Asian Games. The commentary by Kenneth Wolstenholme is precise, informative and clear. All the highlights of the matches are shown and old excitement are re-lived by sports fans having a referee's eye view.

Sports experts commented during the showing upon the wizardry of Didi, Vava, Pele and Garrincha of the Brazilian team until the skilled performances left them breathless.

The film takes nearly two hours to run and before the final played between Brazil and Sweden last June, the viewer has the added attractions of a travelogue highlighting the Swedish beauty spots, beach resorts and architectural gems in the cities.

Surely one of the greatest of football tournaments, this documentary was worked on by nearly 30 German cameramen of the Hans Schubert film company, under the direction of Sammy Dreschel. Full marks for editing of a high standard.

Instead of being cowed and deafened by jostling fans the spectators at ease in the theatre watched with avid interest the magnificent shooting power of the French star, Juste Fontaine; the ball control of Swedish wingers Stenlund and Kurt Hamrin and the equally brilliant play of the West German winger Helmut Rahn. An amusing sideline was the cameramen's study of crowd reaction, in one shot there would be the excited Mexican sipping with valuable aside, his tequila, then the calm Swede drinking coffee with philosophic resignation. Humour and pathos are skillfully contrasted and there is good entertainment for all, even for the picture fan only slightly interested in football.

DON'T forget the British Legion Gala Premiere of "Dunkirk" on Monday next at the Hoover Theatre to be shown in the presence of His Excellency the Governor at 9.30 p.m.

Owing to the rough seas around our coasts at the time of going to press, the film company have not yet been unloaded so there has been no time to preview the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer epic of the evacuation of troops at Dunkirk. John Mills, Richard Attenborough and Bernard Lee are the stars and in the capable hands of producer Michael Balcon, the resulting entertainment is more to be of high standard. Bookings can be made at 10.30 p.m.

Lee & Astor

RETURN ENGAGEMENT
SHOWING TO-DAY
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

RICHARD TODD - ANNE BAXTER - HERBERT LOAN
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
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**CHASE A
CROOKED
SHADOW**
THE TENSEST TENSION OF ANY PICTURE IN TEN YEARS!

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MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE
at 12.00 Noon
MIGHT MOUSE
TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
from FOX
ASTOR THEATRE
at 11.00 A.M.
COLOUR CARTOONS
from U-I
at 12.30 P.M.
"PICNIC"

HOOVER RITZ

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
WINNER OF BLUE RIBBON AWARD

TYRONE POWER
MARLENE DIETRICH
CHARLES LAUGHTON
WITNESS FOR PROSECUTION
RELEASED THIS DAY BY UNITED ARTISTS

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER at 12:00 noon
Cary Cooper
Dorothy McGuire in
"FRIENDLY PERSUASION"
RITZ at 12:30 p.m.
Don Taylor
Howard Duff in
"THE NAKED CITY"

AIR - CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLE

2ND HILARIOUS WEEK!
NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY!
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
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THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST MEN
run riot in the world's wildest city!

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FERNANDEL
ANITA ECKBERG
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Paris Holiday
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WALT DISNEY'S FOX
LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox presents
in Cinemascope & Color "BUS STOP"
Starring: Marilyn MONROE

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

'Sir John' Hoaxes Famous Club

Drinks, Dinner & A £20 Cheque For A 'Gentleman'

By JAMES REID

London. HE was slightly unsteady, but he looked a gentleman as he mounted the steps of the Reform Club, in Pall Mall. He showed that essential touch of informality mixed with good taste which marks the man of breeding as he entered the bar and ordered a drink....several drinks.

Members of the Reform Club don't usually put their feet up on the heavy leather settees and sleep soundly and noisily.

GIRL WITH

'I Love Men'

TATTOOS GOES TO GAOL

By MICHAEL CHARLESTON

London. NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD, dark-haired, attractive Yvonne Clements went off in a police car last week to start a six-month prison sentence—blaming her troubles on her tattoos.

She had nine tattoos: done a year ago "just for fun." Among them are the letters KWL on one hand, the skull and crossbones on the other, a blue star on her forehead and a floral design on her chest.

She Regrets

But the one she regrets most is on her leg. It says: "I love men." Because of that, she told police, she could not get a job.

Last week Yvonne, of Trehan, Cornwall, appeared at Salts, accused of stealing £5 from her mother and of a breach of a probation order.

Their Craze

Her mother, Mrs. Pearl Clements, was not in court. She said at her home: "It should be a criminal offence for anyone to tattoo a girl under 21."

"I didn't know she was getting it done. It was a craze among some girls she mixed with."

"Yvonne was brilliant as a schoolgirl. She became a student nurse. But she threw it all up and got into bad company."

Mrs. Clements was in tears as she said: "I shall go to see her and tell her that there is a home waiting for her."

Wanted To Open Letter-Box:

FIRE-BRIGADE TURNED UP

Aalborg.

"PRESS the button" read the sign. So the elderly lady did.

She waited patiently for a long while, expecting the "letter-box" to open so she could get rid of her letter. But nothing of the kind happened.

Instead, the local fire brigade arrived in answer to the alarm.

She said she was new in town and that she had been certain it was a letter-box.—U. P. I.

MAD DOG FRIGHTENS SPINSTERS TO DEATH?

Whitley Bay. TWO eccentric spinsters were believed to have died of fright and stress from dogs which the women had kept.

Margaret and Florence Mitchell lived as recluses and refused to allow even gas or electricity meter men into the house.

In their garage stood a small grey car which had not been moved since 1927.

Peter Pan Loses His Pipes Again

London. KENSINGTON Gardens. A statue of Peter Pan is missing its pipes again. Police discovered last week.

A thief had wrenched the pipes from the hand of the little boy from Never-Never land for the second time in eight years.

Peter's trunks began in 1923 when a cynic tarred and feathered him. In 1930 a jazz lover stuck a saxophone in his free hand. In 1932 the pipes were stolen for the first time after an abortive attempt had merely left them bent.—U. P. I.

Police, now investigating the deaths, had to shoot the dog before they could enter the house.

The mansion, filthy and infested, contained an organ, a harp and relics from dogs which the women had kept.

High hedges surrounded the house and huge bibles could be seen through the dirty windows.

Neighbours said the elders had spoken to no one since before the war. But in the 1930's they had talked of having a romance with George Bernard Shaw.—China Mail Special.

I'M THE COP! WHERE'S THE ROBBER?



TEN-MONTH-OLD Gina Allison Duffie of Ilford, Essex — has never been much of a child for toys and dolls — but whenever her policeman daddy comes home — she makes a bee-line for his helmet and whistle.... This is the result. —Keystone.

They're Off To America —In A Little Red Bus

London.

Northampton, Mass. is the destination of a bright red English village bus that is going to take the Chudley family of Northampton, England, on a holiday in the United States next month.

Mr. Michael Chudley, the 33-year-old representative of a packaging factory, and his 30-year-old wife, Diana, are taking their six children: Nicholas (10), Penelope (8), Philippa (6), Joanna (5), Robin (4) and Timothy (2).

They have a letter of good will to deliver to the Mayor of Northampton, Mass. from the Mayor of Northampton, England.

JUST FOR FUN

A stunt? "No, just for fun," said Mrs. Chudley when I called at their 17th-century farmhouse home at Hackleton.

"For the past three years we've gone caravanning in England and France—but it was rather a squish. So we bought a bus for £230 from a friend of a friend to make into a real home-on-wheels for a six-week tour of America. We shall drive about 1,000 miles."

Inside the bus, a 20-year-old single-decker, are bunks for the family and their 19-year-old German nanny, Heidi Petzke. Venetian blinds pulled from the ceiling divide it into three compartments at night. A section is convertible into a dining-room. There is a kitchen with a refrigerator, a toilet and wash-basin, and a hanging cup-board—20 gallon water tank.

LISA MOYNIHAN

Spinach-Eating

Foreham, Hamps. Nothing could persuade Rosie, the Rhode Island-Sussex hen, to lay more than one egg a week until Mrs. Annie Dale started feeding her spinach. Now Rosie lays a double-yolk egg every day. Mrs. Dale now is feeding her other hens with spinach and has doubled production.—U. P. I.

Stamp Collecting Is A Man's World—But A Woman Started It!

London.

DO you find it hard to believe that anyone would gladly part with £10,000 for a 1d. stamp—even if it is the rare Mauritius Red, spoken of in hushed voices in philatelic circles?

If you are a woman, you probably do. Because most stamp-collectors today are men. But the first stamp-collector on record was a woman—a Victorian who advertised in 1842 for used stamps to paper her dressing-room.

In 1950 stamps are taken more seriously. Philately ranks as the most popular hobby in the world, and since prices follow the law of supply and demand, rare stamps are expensive. Last year the Bureau collection was valued at £3,500,000—

Satisfaction

"Many people get just as much satisfaction out of collecting a complete issue of stamps which are neither rare nor valuable," said stamp expert Mr. Alan Bosworth. "And it does happen that if sufficient demand is created, the stamps increase in value. Collectors are always looking for something new."

"One of the newest ideas is collecting postal history material, letters which were posted before the use of postage stamps as we know them."

Even the schoolboy hobby of stamp-collecting—where the aim is quantity rather than quality—is not to be despised.

"It promotes an interest in geography and history and some collections of this type have become quite valuable," said Mr. Bosworth.

Still, if you think there are already too many philatelists, why not become a numismatist—collector of rare coins?

Again, if you are after the rarity, prices are high—anything up to £3000 for a perfect specimen. The most valuable one, a Greek coin in the Brussels Museum, is worth about £10,000.

Uniqueness

But there is plenty of choice around the £4-10 mark. Since uniqueness and not age are the deciding factors in pricing coins, it is possible to pick up one of the oldest coins in the world—an aegina stater of 600 B.C.—for £5. A Commonwealth shilling from the time of Oliver Cromwell costs about £7, and a silver Tribute penny from Biblical times can be bought for less than £10.

And there is always the chance, if you know something about stamps or coins that you might happen on a freak issue of imperforate 3d. stamps—worth about £300—or spot a Roman coin while planting seedlings in the garden.

It has happened.

JOCASTA INNES

Birds Use Sun And Stars To Steer By

London.

MIGRATING birds appear to lose their sense of direction over the sea when they cannot see the sun or stars, it is suggested in the magazine "Nature".

Dr. David Lack, of the Edward Grey Institute of Field Ornithology, Oxford, tells of researches made by plotting starlings, blackbirds, redwings, and chaffinches on radar as they left England in the early spring.

EVIDENCE

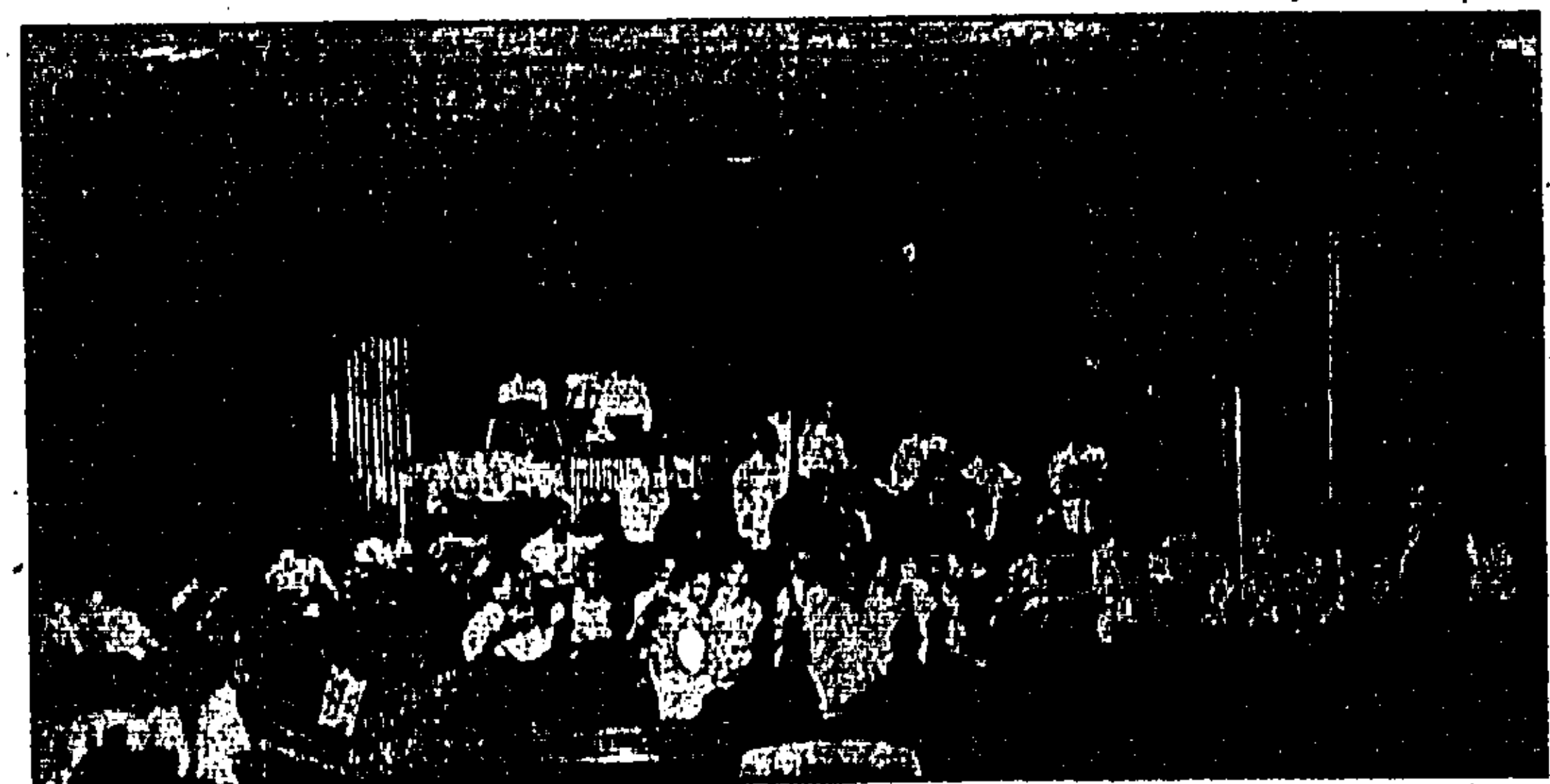
The evidence from radar height finders and other sources indicated that, over the sea, the birds maintained a constant heading by means of their sense of direction, based on the position of the sun or stars.

But, adds Dr. Lack, they did not "correct for wind drift."

Dr. Lack says: "Provisionally, the radar evidence suggests that migrants, meeting fully overcast skies over the sea, fly around irregularly and, in- decisively, in which case their eventual direction will be that of the wind at the time."

China Mail Special.

HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA



CONDUCTOR VICTOR ARDY

LEADER FRED CARPIO

AT THE

PARAMOUNT

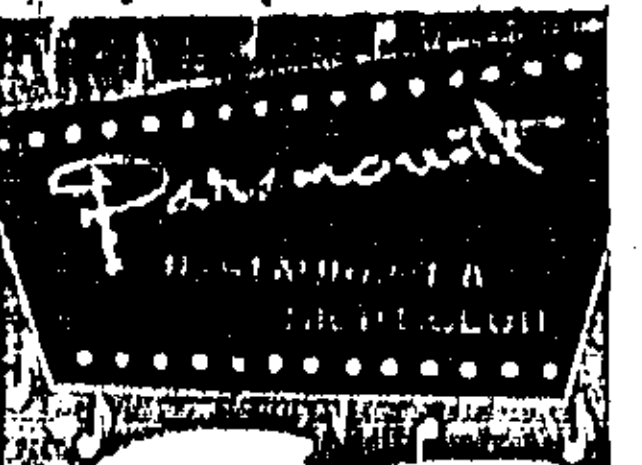
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KOWLOON — Radio People, Moutries.

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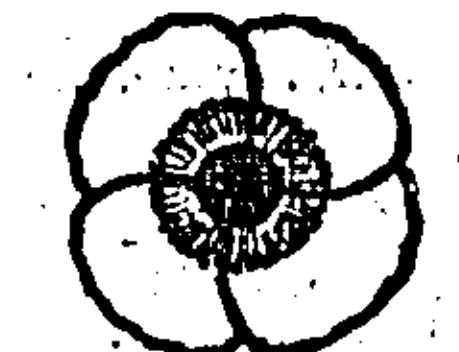
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British Legion MAKE PLANS TO RENDEVOUS at the

HOOVER THEATRE on 11th August at 9.30 p.m.

for the GALA FILM PREMIERE of

"DUNKIRK"

In aid of EARL HAIG FUND TICKETS AT MOUTRIES BETWEEN 1st-9th AUG.

You Must Get There!

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: The rebels of Iraq have taken over their embassy in London. Leader of the revolt behind the embassy's closed doors is Colonel Abdul Kadir Falk, senior assistant military attaché. Says Colonel Falk: "The Government is in full control of Iraq with the full backing of the people. We will respect all international agreements and judgments."



ABOVE: For the first time since the second world war the Territorials are providing the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace. A Territorial unit, the Infantry Battalion of the Honourable Artillery Company, will mount a 24-hour guard. They are soon taking over from the regulars outside Buckingham Palace. — Army News.

ABOVE: Film actress Rita Hayworth seen recently in Britain with her husband, producer James Hill, who was sporting plaster over his left eye as the result of a fall. Said Rita: "I am meeting Orson Welles in London and he will take Rebecca on holiday. Then I shall see Aly Khan and he will collect Yasmin. We have yet to arrange details of where the children will go. In any event they have to go back to school by September 1."



RIGHT: "City Gent" Burt Lancaster with actress Janette Scott surrounded by admirers backstage during London's recent gala charity show, "Night of 100 Stars."



RIGHT: In high spirits Tosca's foal presents herself to the public for the first time. This youngster may well follow in mother's footsteps and prove to be another prizewinning horse for Britain's showjumper Pat Smythe.

BELOW: Field Marshal the Earl Alexander of Tunis having performed the opening ceremony enters the new Memorial gates at the Royal Garrison Church, Aldershot, accompanied by General Bramwell Davis. — Army News.



ABOVE: David Humphreys, 27 (right), was shocked when his doctor told him: "You'll die before reaching 40—unless you do as I say!" David aid, and the doctor's treatment for a "liver disorder" cost him £135. Then one day, while the doctor was away in Ireland, David went to another man as he was feeling ill. He was told there was no sign of a liver disorder. Recently, the doctor, William Pitt, was gaoled in Warwick, England, for 18 months.



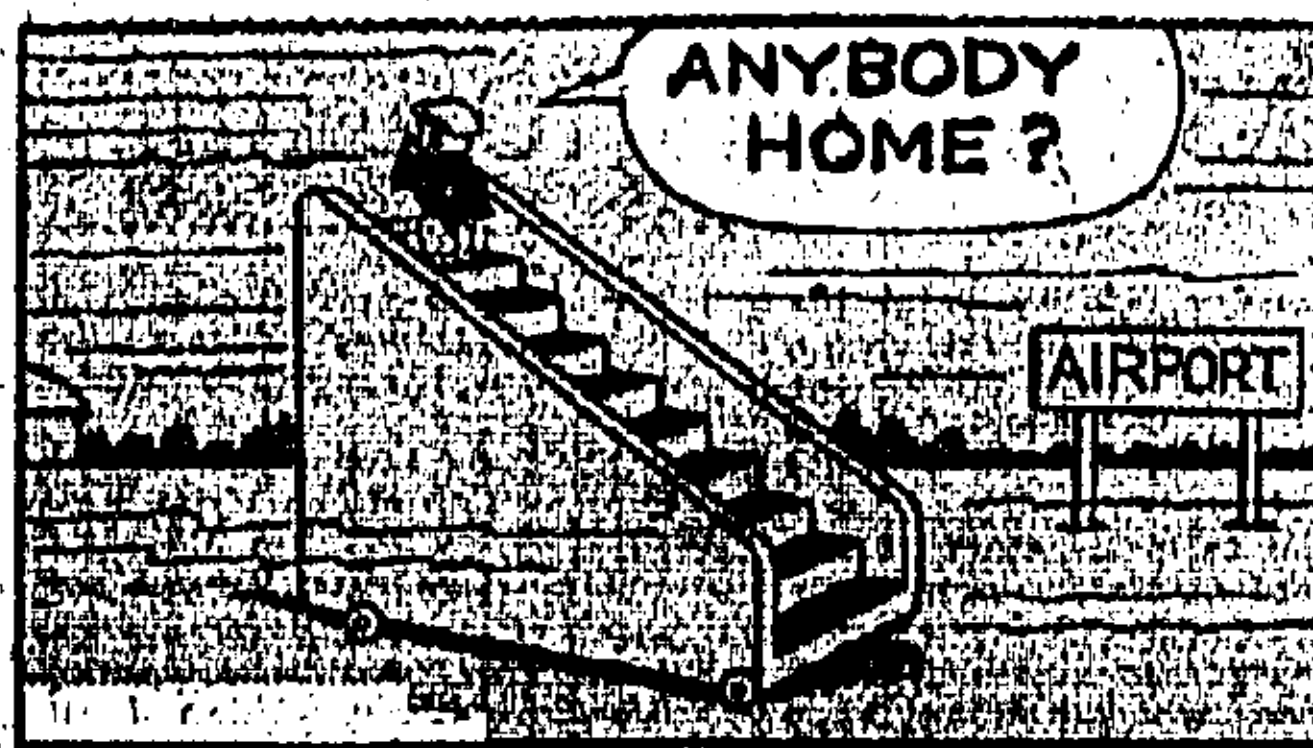
LEFT: Erich Tsoyn, the Estonian-born fisherman whose desertion from a Soviet fishing-boat provoked the Red "Invasion" of the Shetlands recently, is free—for the first time since 1940, when the Russians annexed his homeland. He has left Saughton gaol, Edinburgh, with permission, as a political fugitive, to live and work in Britain.



PRETTY SHEPHERDESS—The champion sheep of the Kerry Hill breed seen at the Royal Show, Bristol, with London model Joan Fullard.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



ACUPUNCTURE: A Chinese system of surgery by which cures are said to be effected by sticking pins in determined parts of human body.

A-LUM: This, according to H. A. Giles, *A Glossary of Reference*, 2nd ed., Hongkong, 1938, was the name of "the famous Hongkong baker whose bread was poisoned with arsenic by some person never discovered. In the hope of destroying all the foreign residents in the Colony, January, 1937."

BARBER BOAT: I think this word has gone out of use in Hongkong. Giles says it was a small kind of paddle boat, something like a canoe and occasionally called a dugout. Known foreigners under this name at Canton. The Chinese call them simply sampans in common with the more usual form that has no particular reason for it, except that formerly the barbers who attended the shipping at Whampoa during the rainy days of that now deserted port, were in the habit of using the kind of boat that still goes by this name.

BARBET: This bird is well known in Hongkong. It is the *Meophala virens virens* of the French and English. Its name is French and contains the element barbe, beard, on account of its well developed rich and chin bristles. There is a drawing and an account of this bird in G. A. C. Herklotz, *Hong Kong Birds*, Hongkong, 1934.

BARGAIN-CHOP: These were scrip used by opium merchants, issued to persons buying the drug "to arrive" on time. The seller is obliged to produce the commodity on an arranged date and the buyer to pay the market rate on the date fixed for delivery of the drug. Giles, who gives this information in his *Glossary of Reference* quotes the *China Mail* of October, 27, 1877: "If history repeats itself, why will not the days of bargain-chops do likewise?"

BAZAR: The Persian word for market was formerly used in China coast ports to the exclusion of market. (Giles). In the Portuguese dialects of the East bazar/bazar have been used in the same sense.

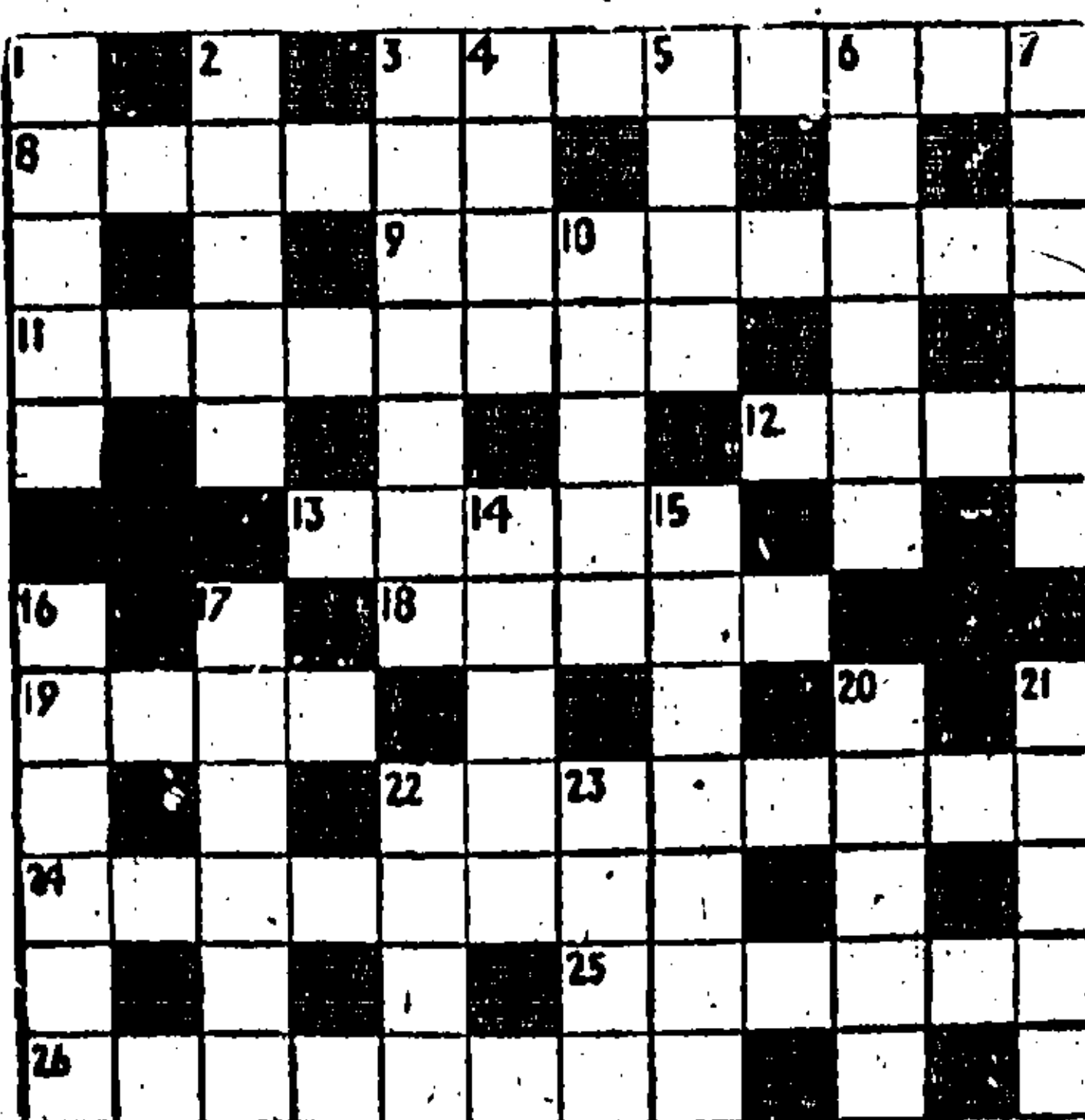
BOMBAY DUCK: This is an old Hongkong name for "a small fish which after being dried and salted, is soaked and eaten with curry." Giles, from whom I have taken this item says that the name fish is called bummala in India. The Oxford Dictionary gives another form of this word, bummala and derives it from the Marathi bumbil. In England the name Bombay Duck is sometimes given to a kind of disappointing rissole or meat-ball, sometimes given to a kind of disappointing rissole or meat-ball, sometimes given to a kind of disappointing rissole or meat-ball.

BRINJAL: This is an old Anglo-Indian name for the egg-plant, *solanum melongena*, also used in Hongkong. Again it is a borrowing from Portuguese, the Indo-Portuguese (and Hongkong) Portuguese form being brinjola. All these forms, together with Standard Portuguese brinjela derive ultimately from the Persian. In the case of the Standard Portuguese form, at least, the borrowing was made through Arabic, as was the Spanish form berenjena.

BULBUL: The name given to several common Hongkong birds. It is of Persian origin. Bulbuls are known as *pycnodidae* by the ornithologists.

CANDARIN: An old coin once known in Hong Kong and equal to one penny or one Chinese fan according to Lealand Hobbs. Johnson says that it is derived from the Malay word *kandari*. In fact most of the English and Portuguese names for Chinese traditional weights, measures and currency are of Malay or Javanese origin. The candarin weighed one-hundredth of the Chinese ounce and, as a weight, was also called tahl. Fryer (1873) gives the following table of Chinese Weights. It will be noted that not one of these weights is given its Chinese name. All, in fact, carry the English equivalents of the terms used in the Malay-Portuguese *lingua franca*. 1 Catty is nearest 16 Tals. 1 Tael (Tale?) is 10 Maas. 1 Maas in Silver is 10 Quandreens. 1 Quandreen is 10 Cash. 733 Cash make 1 Royal. 1 grain English Weight is 2 Cash. This table was printed in Hobbs-Johnson. In that most valuable reference work an extract from A. Nunes (1654) has it that "In Malacca the weight used, musk, &c. the catty, contains 20 tals, each tael 10 maas, each maas 20 quandreens; also 1 paul 4 maas and each maas 4 quondres; Coles, the Englishman, who has given us a few vivid snapshots of early Malacca is also quoted (1815): "We bought 5 great square pieces of the King's master carpenter; cost 2 mas 6 condrins per piece." The Portuguese name is condrim, and in the Eighteenth Century *ao Men Chi Luch* or *Gazetteer of Malacca*, which contains a glossary of the Portuguese dialect of that place, we have, opposite the rubric fan, three characters which, read in the Cantonese fashion, are kung lei fan, which is an attempt to represent the pronunciation of some such Portuguese word. In English authors this name is sometimes spelt candarin.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Breaking up! Splendid! (8)
 - Japanese dancing girl (6)
 - Knighly wandering (6)
 - Entrance (3, 3, 2)
 - Very Scotch (4)
 - Nye (6)
 - Ease off, there! (5)
 - Well balanced (4)
 - But he usually has a private but (8)
 - Where a vehicle can hang by a thread? (8)
 - Printing mistakes (8)
 - Upstarts (8)
- DOWN**
- Precious stone (6)
 - Takes a plunge (having plenty of money) (5)
 - Moiré perhaps (7)
 - Name for a girl in the Army (4)
 - 70 years or 9 inches, possibly (4)
 - Under canvas, it seems (6)
 - Sportive bow-wow (3, 3)
 - Compeller (5)
 - The figure of a woman (5)
 - Splendid: chaps, chaps with the hammer (7)
 - Not a serious storm, centre (6)
 - Such fright: is mostly a mistake (6)
 - Not much of a fight (5)
 - One way to make some dough (5)
 - Long for a confier (4)
 - The "Cartoon" is for cookery (4)

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 3 Live wire, 7 Alive, 8 Variable, 10 Encores, 15 Malice, 16 Odds, 17 Earnest, 18 Talents, 20 Owl, 21 Sacred, 22 Entire, 23 Fool-chief, 24 Swears, 25 Desecrated, 26 Owl, 1. Salem, 2 Final, 3 Levee, 4 Elm, 5 Imbibe, 6 Kyelet, 9 Assets, 11 Rader (rev), 12 Seal, 14 Easter, 15 On-set, 16 Oaten, 18 Toppled, 19 Lapses, 22 Ended, 23 Ripper, 24 Dense, 25 Scar.

ANOTHER SHORT STORY BY A HONGKONG WRITER

AUTUMN IN PEKING

By David T. K. Wong

IT was one of those oppressive autumn days in Hongkong when the air clung to one like a hot towel and there was not even a whisper of a breeze to provide relief. Lin Han, returning from his errand, pushed open the door on which bold black characters said: "Wing Tai Hong, Imports and Exports." Inside, the familiar sight of his office opened before him. Guarding the doorway like a barricade was a battered teakwood counter behind which he usually sat, and behind that were three desks, arranged as if to mark the three points of an equilateral triangle.

The two nearest the counter were unoccupied. At the third, a bespectacled man in his late forties sat reading an afternoon newspaper, one of those that contained smutty stories and risqué jokes and all the latest scandals. He had been with the Wing Tai Hong for more than twenty years and he was Lin Han's immediate superior. On the wall behind him hung an old German clock and below the clock a calendar which gave both the Gregorian and lunar readings. To the left of the man with the spectacles a doorway opened into another room.

Lin Han walked behind the counter and climbed onto a tall stool. He was dressed in a white cotton shirt and a pair of dark blue shorts which showed to disadvantage two long bony legs. But he was not an unpleasant looking young man. His forehead was high and intelligent and his chin was neatly pointed. His eyebrows arched good-naturedly over melancholy brown eyes and only a slightly exaggerated nose marred the harmony of his features.

After a while, Lin Han said: "Look at it. It is now autumn and it is worse than summer. In Peking, autumn is the best season." He spoke with the comical accent that so often characterised the Northerner's attempt to speak Cantonese. He turned around on his stool, expecting the older man to say something. But nothing came.

Peking and autumn. How well the two went together, Lin Han thought. Each had its secret charm. If only he could be in Peking now. There would be just the faintest bite in the air, just enough to make the willows shiver a little. It would be wonderful whether for a visit to the Great Wall or to climb up to the Porcelain Pagoda on the West Hill. And in the evenings, with the first chill breaths of the North Wind, the leaves—all black and gold and hectic red—would race and cackle through the moonlight and along the garden walls.

"You never miss anything like you miss Peking. I think in the whole world there is no place like it," Lin Han said, half to himself. All of a sudden he felt very homesick.

"You like Peking so much, why do you not go back," the man with the spectacles said, without looking up from his newspaper.

"I will—one day," Lin Han said. But even as he said it he wondered if he would ever breathe again that atmosphere of quiet culture he knew. Familiar sights and half-forgotten sounds crowded his memory. He remembered visiting the Forbidden City together with Kuo-chuen when he was a little boy and how both of them would love to climb up onto the bronze gates of the Gate of Supreme Harmony, the lion that looked so old and wise. He remembered also the long walks with his mother to the Island of Everlasting Flowers and the famous marble bridge. And as they walked he would tell him wonderful stories of emperors and beautiful ladies and filial sons. How far away all that seemed.

"Ah Han," a high-pitched Cantonese voice called from the next room. But Lin Han did not hear. He was thinking of what he would give to be in Kuo-chuen's place. Fate was surely strange. A few years ago Kuo-chuen used to envy him because he was planning to go to Yenching University and Kuo-chuen was too poor to go. Then the revolution came, and everything changed. Kuo-chuen went to the university instead and became an engineer while he himself had to come to Hongkong and be contented with being an office boy at the Wing Tai Hong.

"Well," the man with the spectacles looked up from his newspaper. "The master calls you," he said.

Lin Han jumped down from his stool and went through the doorway into the next room. There he confronted Mr Pang, the manager and sole owner of the Wing Tai Hong. Mr Pang had a scar just dignified, his business setbacks in the past

Just then Mr Pang came out of his office on his way home. As he went past the counter, he said: "Tonight, when you see Mr Fu, remember to tell him that the umbrella ribs must be separately packed." His tone was kind. Lin Han knew it was his way of apologising for his harsh words, but Lin Han could not forgive him.

"Yes," Lin Han said, and Mr Pang left the office. Shortly afterwards, when the old German clock struck five, the man with the spectacles also left. With the office to himself, Lin Han began his daily chores of sweeping the floor, emptying the wastepaper baskets, and winding up the old German clock. But as he went about his work his thoughts roved from bridges to umbrellas, from the steady clink in autumn to the August heat. His mind was full of confused pictures and jumbled scenes.

At last he finished his work and he left. He boarded the third class compartment of a train bound for Shanghai. The compartment was stuffy and

crowded. A labourer who smelt horribly of stale sweat pressed his damp body against his. He tried to move away, but there was no room.

When the train stopped at one of the stations in Wanchai, Lin Han lighted automatically. He walked down two narrow streets and turned into the gloomy staircase of a house situated next to a market place. Three flights of cropland stairs led him to the flat where he and his mother occupied the room next to the kitchen.

As he entered the room he saw his mother sitting on one of the two beds doing embroidery. A rattan table, two rattan chairs and a set of drawers made up the rest of the furniture. Some one was cooking in the kitchen and the room was a little smoky.

"Ma-ma," Lin Han called respectfully.

"Today you are late," his mother said, looking up from her work. She was a small woman, with small hands and dainty feet. Lin Han's sad eyes and sensitive mouth, undoubtedly came from her. She was dressed in black pongee coat and trousers, and black suited her very well.

"Yes," Lin Han said. It hurt him to have to see his mother doing embroidery, for it was a reminder that he could not even earn enough to support her. He wished he could see her again in the elegant dresses and the gowns of brocade that she used to wear. She had given up much since their arrival in Hongkong. She had sold every thing of value so that they could live, everything except the jewellery she was given as a bride. She said she would never sell them. That was why she started doing embroidery.

"You should not work so hard," Lin Han said. The smoke in the room made him cough a little.

"I will go and get the meal ready," his mother said, getting down from the bed and leaving the room.

"Tonight I have a surprise for you," his mother said, putting aside her embroidery. "Tonight we are eating mutton fried with garlic, preserved eggs and ginger, and all the dishes you like. And then we can go out and really celebrate. Today the man paid me twenty-one dollars for the embroidery I did last week. It is the most I have ever earned."

"That is very good," Lin Han said.

"I will go and get the meal ready," his mother said, getting down from the bed and leaving the room.

Lin Han went over to the only window in the room. From it he could look into the kitchen and see his mother working. Down beneath was the market place. Across the way, on a distant roof, he could see two boys flying kites. The kites danced and swooped in response to the ruggings of the strings. A kite is like a man's life, he thought, after watching the kites for a long time. Someone pulls a string and you have to respond. The thing is that a man cannot even respond so gracefully. Then, suddenly, one of the kites broke loose and flew away by itself. It flew higher and higher and farther and farther away till he could hardly see it.

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Salon d'OR

Men of speed

Stirling Moss and the tiny killer...

Of course, they said, he must come into the pits soon. It would be suicide to drive on. But lap after lap the little green car stayed in front...

by ROBERT GLENTON

It was just a little pale blob of canvas on the spinning tyre. At more than 120 miles an hour a blink of your eyelids and you would have missed it altogether as it whirled in and out of view.

But Stirling Moss was staring. For some time now he had been straining his eyes in the white South American sunlight, waiting for it. With thin lips and a tight little knot of misery inside him he watched the blob grow from the size of a thumb nail to the size of the thumb itself.

Still it spread. Soon it was never out of sight.

While his speed made a gaudy blur of the Latin crowds watching in the grandstand, he now had only a layer of canvas between him and noisy destruction.

The rubber had been played from his tyres.

And in the driving mirror there behind him was the red car of Fangio, the world champion, the local boy, the South American idol. Moss was leading but there was much of the 190-mile race still to be run.

A wheel change was out of the question. Even to slow down would mean losing the race. But a tyre burst—now horribly imminent—would be as deadly as driving over a land mine.

There was an imperceptible pause... Moss's right foot bore firmly down on the throttle pedal.

★ ★ ★

When a man is 28 and newly married it is the most normal thing in the world to get up and think: That is what Stirling Moss was doing, just a little

But Katie was happy. Her husband was away from the hazards of motor racing. There were many precious golden days for them both, before he would buckle on his crash helmet again.

And Moss, swarthy with sun, seemed wholly absorbed on home building. It would have taken someone who knew him very well indeed to read the pre-occupation in his eyes.

And Fangio....

He knew the gaudy Grand Prix circuit was moving from Europe to the Argentine for the first world championship race of the year.

The enormous vans emblazoned with the famous names, their freights of glittering cars were on the roads.

And the drivers, the men he had fought with and beaten so often, were making their leisurely way through the sunshine to Buenos Aires. Fangio would be there. Fangio, the ultimate challenge to them all, who had already announced that he would do it.

The Argentine race might even be the last opportunity to steal some of his glory from him.

Only Moss would be missing. He had signed to drive for Vanwall and they had had insufficient time to get their cars ready.

There would be no race for Moss. Often in those blissful Nassau days, he would shrug away their nagging regret and say: "I'll go to the Argentine and try it out. But I'm not promising anything until I have."

To Katie he smiled, but told her nothing of his thoughts. He did not hear the telephone ring.

Chisel in hand he suddenly looked round. Katie was missing. He put on a little vexed frown. More than a trifle bossy, he likes people to get on with the job and not go wandering off.

But Katie was back in a moment. The laughing content had ebbed from her face. "London," she said reluctantly like a child confessing to a broken greenhouse window. "wants you on the phone."

The chisel dropped to the floor as Moss rushed to the door, but Katie caught his arm. "If they want you to race..." she said, "please don't. Can't we stay here a little longer..."

'Crazy'....

In the house he was shouting to his caller from London. "Of course I want to go... but how can I? I haven't got a car. You know that."

He listened impatiently. "What car?" he bellowed. "A Cooper Climax? Are you crazy? That's no good. It's for short races. It has never covered more than about 75 miles. It wouldn't stand up to a Grand Prix."

The voice from London talked long and hard. Eventually Moss said, "We'll go to the Argentine and try it out. But I'm not promising anything until I have."

★ ★ ★

It was a violently changed Stirling Moss who shouted for his wife. His eyes shone. There was a fury of haste in his movements. "Katie," he bellowed. "Get ready. We're off to Buenos Aires."

For Katie. One moment Moss was stressing the importance of home-building. Now he was first it sounded a cheerful story, fidgeting and complaining because it took her so long to pack.

There was no time to linger. Not even for the quickest of silent goodbyes to her new home in the sun.

It was evening before the airliner lumbered into Buenos Aires. It was a red-gold evening. The diamond lights of the white city shone hard to fight the flame of the setting sun.

And there was astonishment in store for the aircraft passengers. They had paid little attention during the flight, to the short, slim, balding young man with the pretty girl, the young man with the over-propensity for adornment, his gold tie-clip, identically bracelet, ring, wrist watch strap, enormous golden presentation Mercedes cufflinks.

But when the accommodation ladder was wheeled to the door there was all the atmosphere of a royal visit. A bubbling Latin crowd, dark-faced and mouse-faced, in their white hats and open-necked shirts stood there shrieking. "Stirling! Stirling! Stirling!"

For, after Fangio, Moss is the darling of the motor-racing-mad South Americans. Moss, jaunty and nonchalant as a boulevardier, beamed.

This was one of the good moments of a celebrity's life. Here was the noisy promise of thousands who admired him and would cheer him if he raced.

'Tell all'

With careful politeness, almost solicitude, he signed his name on envelopes, autograph books, edges of newspapers.

But in his hotel room Moss underwent his own peculiar changes. His face was cold and hard. With him was Alf Francis, the Polish-born chief mechanic who can be as stubborn as Moss can be pontifical.

In his shirt sleeves, Stirling listened, his eyes calculating, his face non-committal.

Francis started to talk. At first it sounded a cheerful story, fidgeting and complaining because it took her so long to pack.



THE RIVALS: "You were wonderful," said Fangio. "You made it a terrific race," said Moss. With them is Mrs. Fangio.

But then he paused. Moss Francis explained. On the Cooper, designed for short races which do not involve wheel-changing, there were bolts to unfasten, and on the front even the brake assembly to be dismantled.

It would take all of 20 minutes. That might just as well be 20 years.

Francis stopped talking. Moss brooded... his unceasing ambition to be world champion could depend on the points he could score in this race... his last chance to beat Fangio in his own country.

His thoughts focused on those tyres. Behind every other pit there would be great piles of shining, richly smelling tyres as crisply new as breakfast croissants. Tyres to waste, to squander.

Normally a tyre change in a Grand Prix is a fantastic evolution.

Hardly before the car has braked, a jack is underneath. One hurried tug of the handle and up flashes the front of the car. Hasty blows on the hub caps and off go the old wheels.

On slide the new. In seconds the car is a diminishing speck down the track.

"Why can't we change wheels?" demanded Moss.

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"Why can't we change wheels?" demanded Moss.

A worn tyre can kill a driver as certainly as a guillotine.

He made up his mind.

"I'll race," he said.

All Francis granted and said good night. Looking worried, he paused at the door. "If your tyres do start to go please pull out. Don't take chances—it's not worth it."

Moss, the man who values logic and skill as highly as he despises gambling on fortune, nodded.

And little Katie, she lay in bed and heard her husband mutter: "I wonder how many fears the Cooper has got." He was fast asleep before she could think of an answer that sounded even vaguely helpful.

★ ★ ★

Next afternoon, through the sunshine, Stirling Moss drove down to the circuit, after he had struggled through the local papers and discovered the Italians were happily telling the world that the Cooper didn't stand an outside chance with the Ferraris and Maseratis.

(Continued On Page 7)

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

JUNIOR SPACEMAN

The plan of a 12-year-old boy for rocketing a man into space for two weeks and bringing him back alive is revealed in some detail by the National Science Foundation. Defence Department scientists who are considering the plan, say it is "workable."

"The boy is Jonathan Crovitz, son of a department store owner in Flushing, a New York suburb. He attends a 'Special Progress' class at school.

After building and firing several rockets, Crovitz wrote a letter to Pentagon Defence headquarters. It began: "Now I don't class myself a rocket expert but I do know a little something about rockets and satellites."

He went on to describe a crash programme to develop a 4,000-pound heavily instrumented satellite rocket that would embrace in one effort all the tests now planned for a series of rockets.

It would be a two-stage rocket using a modified Air Force Atlas as a Navy Vanguard and a small Army Sergeant for the final thrust and to slow it down for re-entry. Parachutes would also be used.

For the qualified technicians, Jonathan said, "The nose cone is the ablative type, although it has a hard core of copper which is covered by pycram. The shell is an aluminium-titanium alloy with costs of reflective metals—gold, magnesium, chromium, silicon, monoxide etc."

THE YOUNG IDEA! Two 16-year-old schoolboys have been charged in court with trying to extort \$25,000 from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

In a letter to the company they threatened to blow up or derail one of their trains. Railway police arrested them as they went to a lonely rendezvous to collect the money.

"LARGEST TENT" WRITTEN OFF! The largest tent in the world, \$125,000 worth, and 330 yards long, has been written off as a complete (uninsured) loss in Brussels.

It was an American "air house" built by having air

MAHESH

42, this week denuded, the Indian trick and being buried alive as cheap tricks perpetrated by frauds but not Yogis.

Bearded Mahesh, who claims to have discovered the secret of real happiness, said: "No Yogi would ever design to do these things—but then there are a few real Yogis in the world."

His secret for joy? "Sit on deerskin—nothing else—and think of God for ten minutes every morning."

JUNGLE JAY - WALKER: Motorcyclist John Goss collided with a jay-walking hippopotamus while riding home in Jinja, Eastern Uganda.

The hippopotamus walked out of the shadow of the roadside, in front of his machine. Goss was knocked unconscious for a few moments and came round to see the hippopotamus ambling off towards the nearby river Nile, leaving the bruised motorcyclist to wheel his damaged machine home.

DOGS, DOGS AND DOGS: A little old lady in Manhattan has been ordered to get rid of 44 of the 46 dogs she keeps in her brownstone house over by the Hudson River.

She said children kept bringing stray dogs to her and she could not find it in her heart to deny any dog shelter. Many of the dogs were pedigreed she said, and they were all nice, friendly dogs. But neighbours complained that it was like living down wind from a circus.

"IT STINKS"—Fifty children ranging from three to ten years old have been picketing a municipal playground, because there is not enough grass on it. Backed by their parents and carrying placards saying: "We want grass," and "It stinks," they stopped other children going into the play area.

Their main complaint is that the City Council has dumped a ratclaturo of mud and wood chips in the playground.

SECRET FOR JOY! The world-renowned Yogi, Mahesh

EARTHBOUND "BEEP-STEERS"

Three ingenious young "beepsteers" have been found guilty in Los Angeles of running an unlicensed radio station. They said that for fun they began imitating the dying signals of Sputnik 1 in transmissions of their own last December.

The phony "beeps" confused scientists monitoring the Sputnik signals closely. The Federal Communications Commission had to send electronic detectives out on the job before the beepsteers' transmitter was located.

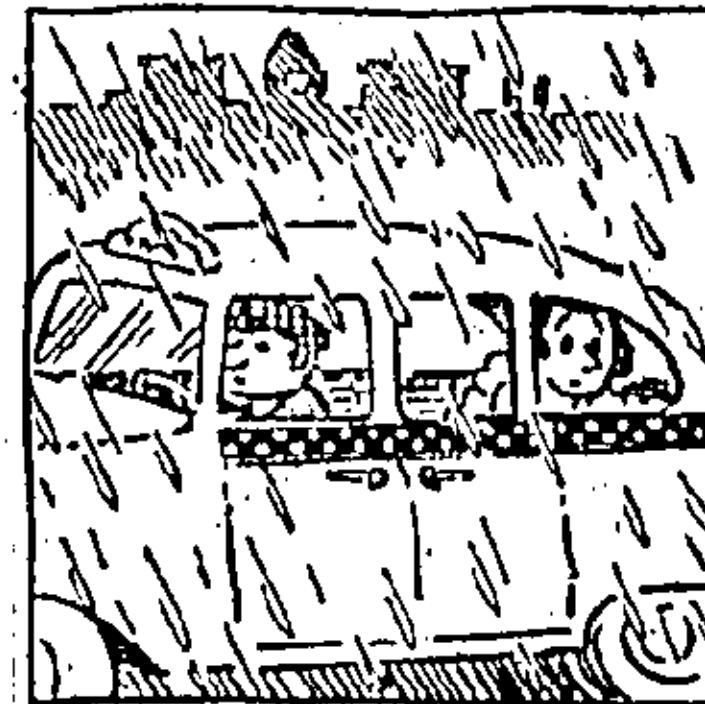
SWINGING ON A STAR?—The world's population may rise to 4,000 million by 1980, and to 647,000 million by the end of the century, according to figures released by the United Nations.

The present world population is estimated at 2,500 million. "While it took 200,000 years for the world's human population to reach 2,500 million, it will now only take 30 years to add another 2,500 million," says the report.

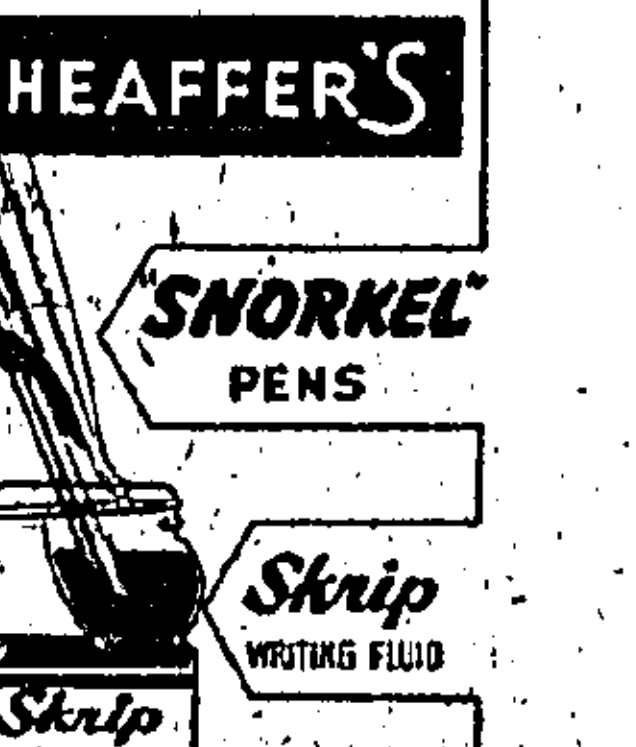
With the present rate of increase, it can be calculated that, in 600 years' time, the number of human beings on earth will be such that there will be only one square yard for each person to live on, including Arctic wastes, deserts and mountain tops.

HIDING A HIPPO? There are no less than 41 "How to" titles among the new books to be published in the autumn. Simplest title—"How to Do It" and the oddest—"How to hide a hippopotamus."

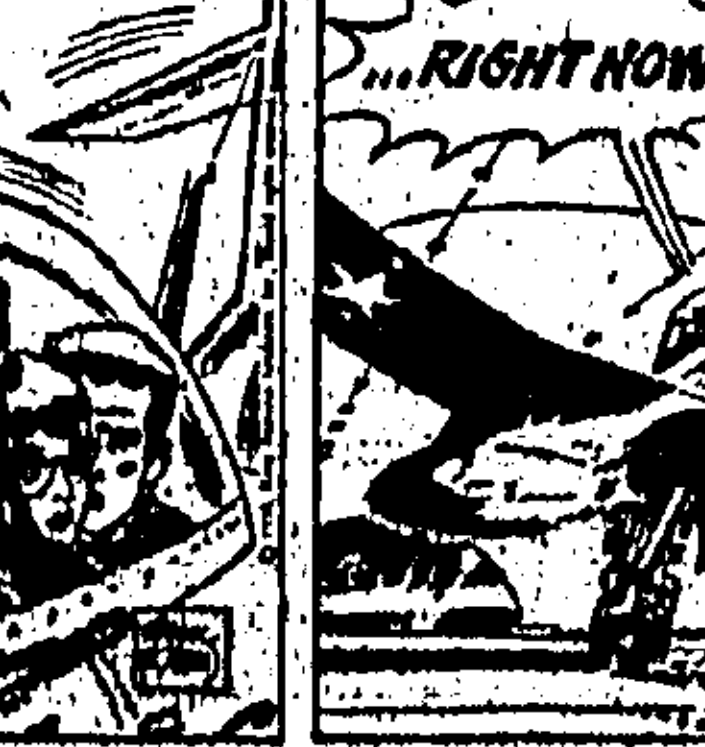
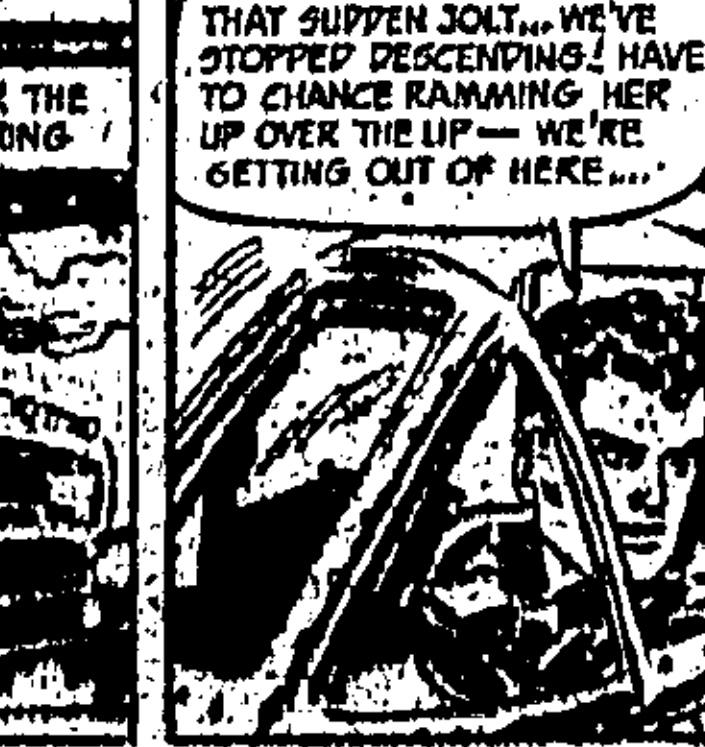
FERD'NAND



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



JOHNNY HAZARD



AND THE INSIDE STORIES BEHIND THEIR TRIUMPHS...

Continued From Page 6

Moss was dressed for racing: thin pants, vest, trousers, and shoes with soles as fine as tissue.

It was far too hot to wear more.

He buckled his helmet, pulled on his gloves, and the Cooper proceeded to travel faster than any other... except for Fangio's Maserati.

These practice days are important. Almost as vital as the race. The faster time a driver can put up, the nearer he gets to the front of the starting grid.

In theory, the first day is for remembering once more the bends and the landmarks, watching out for hazards, and branding in one's mind those treacherous patches of grit and clippings in the corners that can be as dangerous as bullet-bearing under spinning wheels.

In the Argentinian Grand Prix only the second practice day speeds count for sorting out the starting positions.

But on this first day two men were driving with a verve worthy of the race itself.

First was Fangio, the local celebrity. The crowd had come to see a display, and it was Fangio's happy job to show them one.

Second was Stirling Moss. With a glance he set off to do likewise. Not because he wanted to dazzle the Argentinians, but he was driving a strange car.

* JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Wrong Lead Makes Story

By OSWALD JACOBY

IF West had opened a diamond there would be no article. At some stage or other in the play East would obtain the lead and play the queen of clubs whereupon it would have been curtains for South.

Fortunately for South, West looked over his hand carefully and led a trump. Now South pulled trumps with a second trump lead and played the ace and jack of hearts from dummy. East played low and South discarded a club instead of ruffing.

Now West shifted to a diamond, but it was too late. South went right up with dummy's ace and led the ten of hearts. East ducked quickly; there was no

NORTH		12
♥	Q 10 3 2	
♦	A J 10 8	
♣	A 3	
♠	7 3 2	
WEST		
♠	5 4	
♥	K 7 3 2	
♦	Q 10 7 5	
♣	A 8 6	
EAST		
♠	8	
♥	Q 5 4	
♦	K 9 8 2	
♣	Q J 10 4	
SOUTH (D)		
♠	A K J 9 7 6	
♥	9	
♦	J 6 4	
♣	K 9 5	
No one vulnerable		
South	West	North
1 ♠	Pass	3 ♣
4 ♠	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ 5		

reason to cover and South simply discarded a second club. Now all he had to lose was one club and one diamond and the contract wheeled in.

South would have looked mighty foolish if West held the king-queen of hearts and East the ace of clubs. Also, if East held the ace of clubs the play would have made no difference; the hand would have been a cinch on any line of play.

But look what South had in his favour on his play. In the first place West would probably have led a heart if he held the king and queen; in the second place the odds are three to one against two out of two cards appearing in a specific hand.

♥ CARD SENSE ♥

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
2 NT Pass ?
You, South, hold:
♠ 3 2 ♥ 5 4 ♦ A K 8 6 5 ♣ J 8 4 3
What do you do?
A—Bid three no-trump. There is no point in looking for a minor suit game or, slam with this holding.

TODAY'S QUESTION
You hold the same hand except for the king instead of the jack of clubs. The bidding has been:
North East South West
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
2 NT Pass 3 ♣ Pass
What do you do?
Answer Monday

The one crazy way to win—and stay alive

and he was forced to discover its tricks and its capabilities.

Through that afternoon the spectators were delighted at Fangio's throwing down of the gauntlet. They were fascinated by the way Moss seemed to have accepted the challenge.

If they could have been in the cockpit with Moss and have heard his sulphurous language they would have thought again. Apart from the tyre problem, he had already discovered a critical weakness in the car. The gearbox was giving a lot of trouble.

Warning

At the end of that first afternoon Moss was sitting on the pit counter struggling with himself not to interfere with the work the mechanics were doing—unlike many drivers, he likes to be helpful—when up came tubby, sticky Fangio with a smile all over his face.

He told Moss they had both broken the lap record. He also wanted to know all about the Cooper. They spoke in Italian—their one common language.

"I think," Stirling Moss told me afterwards, "he would have given a lot to have had a drive in my car."

The next day was just the same. Fangio and Moss were the two leaders on the starting grid.

But if Moss had brooded before, as soon as he came into the pits he had a new and even deeper reason for anxiety.

A tyre technician was waiting for him. Urgently he caught Moss's sleeve and whispered: "Look, if you go at the same speed in the race as you have in practice, your tyres won't last half the race."

Moss stared mutely at the gay crowds streaming past on their way home to dream of Sunday and the happy promise of battle between their hero and his rival with the funny little green car.

It was very hot. Even without a problem it was going to be hard to get to sleep that night.

Then a friend of Moss's an Anglo-Argentinian called Jackie Green, came up to him and said: "Stirling, I have a yacht. Come out on the river tonight. It will be cooler and you will sleep better."

It was a wonderful evening.

For Katie it was another snatched honeymoon hour. Close together they stood, embraced by the gentle night, drowsily watching the tranquil purple water.

At least Katie was happily drowsy. Softly and idly she murmured to her husband.

Carefully concentrating a little on what she was saying, Moss was listening too to each tiny creak of the yacht.

Every one of them echoed his thoughts...tyres, tyres, tyres. He saw beyond the quiet waves to the scorched, rough surface of the racing circuit he had just left.

And he schemed. He had a tyre problem and the gearbox was weak. Well, he would drive slowly into the slow corners where he wouldn't lose much time, as fast as he could on the quick corners, and he would see what happened.

Satisfied

That was all very well, but Moss was far from satisfied.

His answers to Katie's whispers became rarer and rarer as a much more daring plan filled his mind.

Now a racing driver hates oil on the track as violently as the family motorist detests an icy road.

It is the stuff of which deadly slides and collisions are made.

As a race progresses more and more oil, and more and

more rubber from the tyres greases every corner until, towards the end the surface is polished glossy black.

Moss watched the waves from the yacht and worked out a perilous equation.

Obviously the more grease there is, the less the friction. Friction wears out tyres.

Willfully and calculatedly he would seek the oiliest parts of the track and drive on them as much as he could.

For the first time since he had arrived in the Argentine, Moss relaxed.

He was still in the same mood when he climbed into his Cooper on the starting grid the next morning.

Let's crowds don't book tickets. They don't form orderly queues. When the sensation, tension, and thunder of a Grand Prix is in the air they swarm in violent thousands on to the circuit edges. They quarrel, struggle, drink and wait poised for the drama.

And Stirling Moss, in his little green car dazzled by the sun, watched them as he tugged at his string gloves.

Fear....

A Klaxon blared. One minute to go. Engines rapped the silence. The cars rocketed gently with carefully controlled power. One or two, their drivers on edge, rept forward an inch or two.

Moss looked hastily round him. He had a sudden fear that in the controlled chaos at the start, his car could be so easily crushed.

He dismissed the thought, sank back into his seat and watched the starter's flag.

The flag drooped.

The crowd watched the kaleidoscope of gaudy colour disappearing into the distance.

Moss started off well. He settled down in fourth place.

Then suddenly the lever jammed in third gear. In one

and two the cars loomed in his mirror and he started past. Soon Moss was last.

For nearly a lap he drove painfully slowly. Filled with frustration and tormented rage, he cursed loudly and bitterly.

Violently he gave the lever a slam with his free hand. It was a last despairing and brutal gesture.

The response was incredible. The lever slid softly into position and for the rest of the race no gear box has ever been so smoothly, exquisitely smooth as that Cooper's.

But if Moss had had problems before, now he was besieged by them. He had lost so much time he had to risk his tyres even more to catch up.

Nursed

Seeking out the thickening oil on the track, Moss started to nurse his car to the front.

Nursing is an odd word to use to a driver pressing his car at 140 miles an hour, but that is what he was doing.

Sharp-eyed, gentle-handed, he was as carefully solicitous as a family nanny. Coolly, without haste, without violence he drove.

Hawthorn, in a Ferrari, was leading, Behra was second and Fangio third. Already one Maserati had spun off the track.

Soon Fangio was second and closing on Hawthorn, but on the 17th lap Moss had carefully crept up behind Behra. Then Fangio swept in front.

Moss passed Behra. He overtook Hawthorn. Neither driver was particularly perturbed. They were waiting for him to stop for a tyre change.

Fangio was racing through the sunning, the champion once more. The crowd was delirious. Moss, behind him, his careful hand knotted with muscle, caressed his car over the oil slicks.

But when drama suddenly came, it was Fangio, with 45 laps still to go, who had to stop

with wheels frayed with ragged rubber fringes.

Moss, his caution, his fear of disaster obliterated by exultation, accelerated. Behind him the Ferraris of Hawthorn and Musso were harrying. But he was half a minute in front with 50 miles to go.

All the time there was that nagging fear about his tyres. He even tried using the grass verge of the corners to find softer going for his outside wheels.

And then came that little grey blur on his tyres.

Thirty miles to go and his lead was down to 17 seconds. And 17 seconds is very easy to lose in a Grand Prix.

One hundred and forty miles an hour, and the ribbon of canvas was showing on every wheel. Now Moss sought the oil on the track with the eager, near of a Texan prospector. Headlong he approached the corners, braked, changed down, and started to slide. For sickening seconds the Cooper's steering became frighteningly light. Moss and the car together wrestled for that last snatch of adhesion that saved them both from being catapulted to disaster. And there were too many corners still to be fought.

To most drivers this path would lead inevitably to suicide. Moss knew it best of all men.

In the pits managers raged. Blandly, before the race, they had written off Moss. When he did come in to change tyres, they had reasoned, the delay would be so great he would matter no more.

Then anger

But as lap after lap sped by their confidence changed to doubt. And from doubt to anger. Their calculations were wildly far from the mark. Although Moss's treadbare tyres were clear to see, he just would not stop.

Pit signals hung out in the noisy air. Fangio, Hawthorn, Musso crouched lower in their

cockpits obeying orders to catch Moss.

But unless he crashed, it was too late.

Now it was obvious to the crowds, scrambling to their feet, that there was a race with a deadly promise.

In the Cooper cockpit Moss had fought and beaten panic. Now he was already calculating how much he could slow down and still win.

Second by cautious second he slowed his car.

"It didn't matter," he told me afterwards. "A win by an inch is as good as a win by a mile."

Two point seven seconds ahead of those screaming red cars Moss, got the chequered flag.

He had also driven the race faster than it had ever been done in the past.

Sweaty

A little man, grumpy, sweaty, the Latin carried him one their shoulders, a laurel wreath round his neck, a trophy, spilling champagne, in his hands.

That night, in a quiet restaurant, Moss ate a large steak... and drank his inevitable glass of milk.

There was another cheque to pay into his bank, another enormous silver cup to be carried home. Another race was over... the worst yet... of words that endless battle of becoming the champion. And Fangio had been beaten.

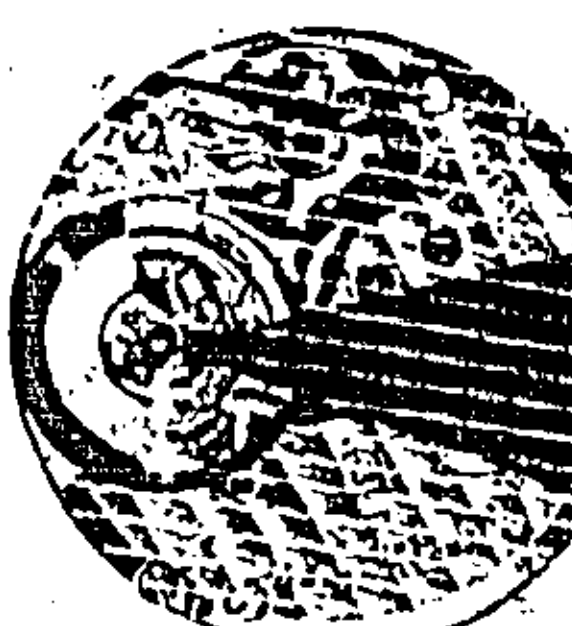
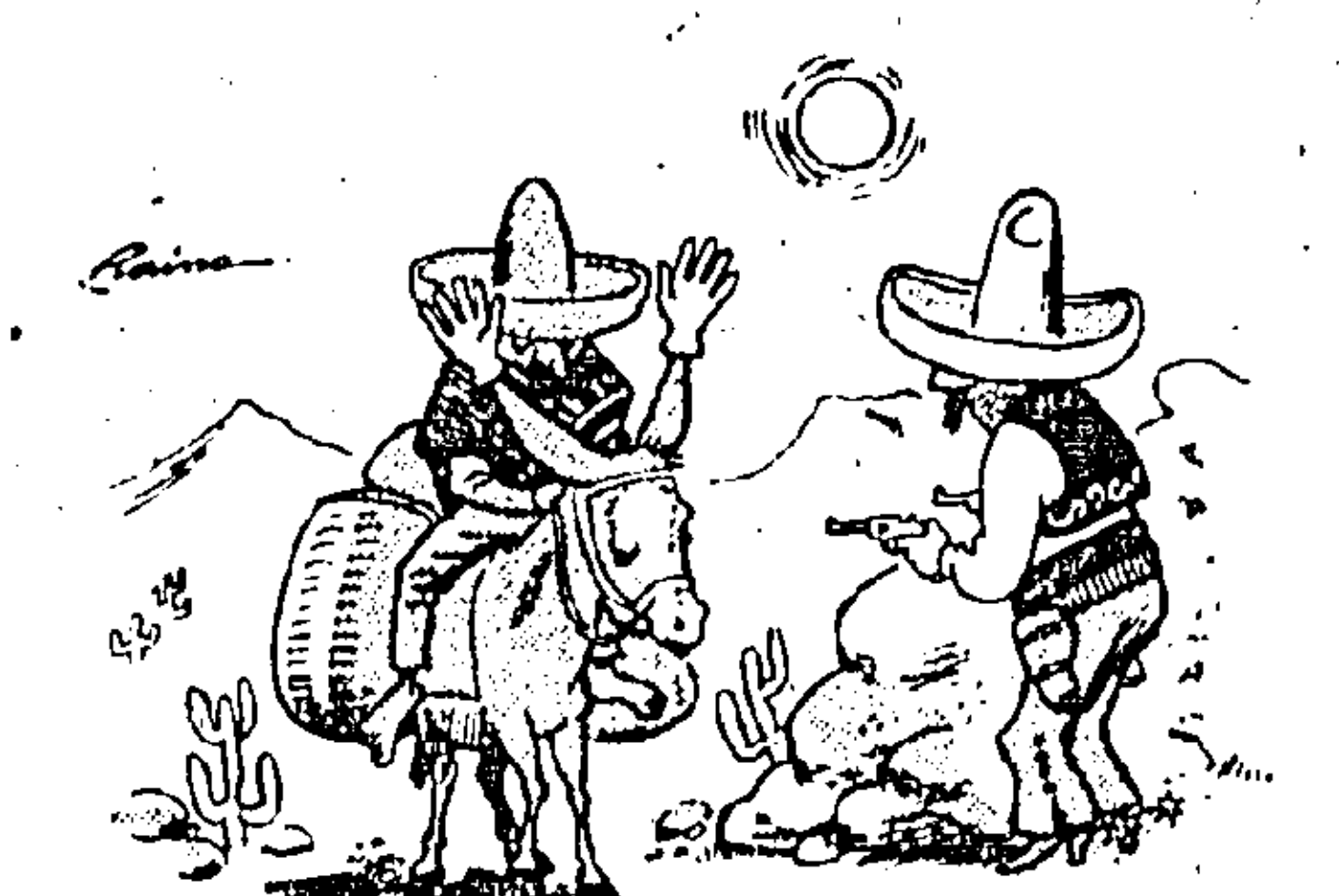
Stirling Moss, bawling carfully dressed, twirling with gold ornament, became intense. His arms waved over the table; his eyes sharpened. He was telling the Argentinians how South American politics should be managed.

And his 22-year-old wife, still frail from the terrors of the afternoon, tried hard to pay attention.

NEXT WEEK:

The race that made history.

ZANIES



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Vanishing Tribe Clings To Old Luxury Order

By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9

BORN today, you have tremendous enthusiasm for life. You are highly adaptable and are able to meet new and changing situations with great facility. You have a good head for business and probably will accumulate something of a fortune during your lifetime. You make your plans carefully and then intend to carry them out to the letter. You will work hard to achieve your goal.

However, if things are slower to develop than you anticipate, you are much too apt to become impatient, then irritable, and often very difficult. In fact, so difficult that others will do anything to get you what you want so that you will again become your usual, amiable self. Although you can adapt to external changes, you are not one to adapt to failure of your own ideas. You plan, by some method, to get what you originally intended.

You are perhaps a little too eager for material success. You tend to think that money can bring happiness. Actually, the stars have given you a good mind. You should learn to cultivate your interest in cultural and spiritual things a little more. You will find that one can be rich in gold and poor in spirit—a condition that can only bring discontent.

You have an ardent love of nature and will be happiest if you wed quite early. You will enjoy making your home the social centre of the neighbourhood. You are a fine host or hostess and know how to make guests feel right at home immediately.

Among those born on this date are: Isaac Walton, author of "The Complete Angler"; John Dryden, poet, critic and dramatist; Sara Tensdale, poet, and Solomon Laurent Jumeau, fur trader and founder of Milwaukee, Wis.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 10

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If captured about something important in your life, seek spiritual advice. It will give peace of mind and confidence.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Stay calm; keep a clear head and you can solve any problem that life poses for you today.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Stay on the fence and be a peacemaker. Even a minor dispute could turn into an argument.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Caution is today's watchword. Avoid eccentricities if you are in side-step trouble in your affairs.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Be sure to get full control of any situation and you will avoid complications that could cause trouble.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Avoid getting into even a minor argument today, for it could turn into a serious quarrel. Keep the peace.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 10

BORN today, you have a strong will and are persistent. Once you get an idea into your head, you are determined to follow it through to a successful conclusion. You are sincere and honest in all your dealings with others and you have a good head for business. It is likely that you will become quite wealthy during your lifetime. You have a keen intellect and a sharp mind. You are a builder by nature and are always thinking constructively.

In addition, you have a love of the beautiful and probably have artistic, musical or literary talent. You may not develop this side of your nature until fairly late in life, and even then you may make it a secondary career. If not this, you may consider your art your hobby.

You have a deep spiritual and religious nature. Although you may not be a devotee, you will contribute something to the spiritual or religious thinking, you will be highly respected for your views. Since you have an inquiring mind, you are always investigating new ideas and new methods. But you will put them to the severe test of practicability before committing yourself on them. Only then will you make use of your magnetic personality to popularize them.

You are fond of social life where there is an exchange of ideas. You would like nothing better than to make your own home the center of the cultural life of the neighborhood. You are someone who has similar cultural tastes and you can find exceptional happiness and contentment.

Among those born on this date were: Herbert Clark Hoover, U.S. President; Joseph Pulitzer, editor and newspaper owner; Jay Cooke, financier; and Edmund Randolph, the Virginia statesman who defended Aaron Burr.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 11

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A pleasant time for a family outing if you happen to be on vacation. Otherwise, a friendly day at business.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A day in which all the signs are definitely in your favor. Get an important job finished now.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Combine domestic and business affairs advantageously. You can get just about what you want now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you are entertaining, then you can achieve some important goal today. Work hard for exactly what you want.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Deal with family matters tactfully. They may be involved with community interests, as well.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—One of your best days this month to deal with someone who is important to your future welfare.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If looking for a job or an advance in the one you have, vacation. Otherwise, a friendly day at business.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Two days of good fortune when your personality will have a great deal to do with your personal success.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Press forward on your major objective, but postpone starting a new project until later on.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Take stock of your assets and push toward bigger and better gains. This is one of your really good days.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may need to reorganize your family budget and an unexpected legacy of money could help you do it.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A romantic day for those who are seeking romance. At least have some fun and enjoy yourself thoroughly.

MIDWAY between the working heiresses and the free-spenders is a large group of women who may realize that the old order changeth—but they are certainly going to do nothing to help the process along. To them, great wealth is a convenience which enables them to live luxuriously in a world beset by spiralling taxes, just as though it was 1900. Delmonico's was still THE place to go and nothing would ever replace the horse as a means of locomotion. They are a vanishing group, as certain of extinction as the great whooping crane, but until they die off they intend to stick with the solid gold doorknobs, the liveried servants, the private railroad cars and parties for exactly 400 carefully-selected guests.

They are the great hostesses of New York, Newport, Southampton and Palm Beach. They are the owners of the fabulous jewels, most generous contributors to charities and the white-haired ladies who are picked up by limousines in front of 5th Avenue stores by the chauffeurs who carefully arrange the lap robe.

THE PROTOTYPE of this group, which includes Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, Mrs. Mellon Bruce, Mrs. James Donahue and Mrs. William A. Burden, is an imposing white-haired lady named Mrs. Frederick E. Guest whose wealth is estimated at \$400,000,000.

At 85, Amy Phipps Guest can look back on a life which has been fabulous beyond the imaginations of Hollywood story-tellers. Her history is like a soap opera with solid-gold trim, replete with a marriage to one of England's handsomest cavaliers.

The world has always been her playground and she is as much at home in Kenya as she is in London, Paris or New York. Always enthusiastic about flying, she globe-trotted in a private plane, and only last year reluctantly allowed her secretary to bring along a wheel chair when she paid a curiosity visit to the troubled Middle East.

Mrs. Guest is the custodian of two huge fortunes which grew from the iron and steel business.

As a child, Amy Phipps lived amid platoons of ser-

vants, private railroad cars and famous people, dividing her time between homes in New York, Long Island, Florida, London, Paris, Scotland and Africa. Her wedding present from Guest, who was a first cousin of Winston Churchill, was the world-famous Park Lane residence of diamond millionaire Alfred Bell.

The Guests shared an adventurous spirit which they passed on to their three children, all of whom hunted big game in Kenya before they were in their teens. Both of Mrs. Guest's sons, Raymond and Winston, were polo players of international note, and her daughter, Diana, now the Countess de la Valdona, is a famous horse-woman.

Even in the twilight of life and despite encroaching deafness, Amy Guest has continued to sparkle as one of the great hostesses of Long Island, New York and Palm Beach, with parties for a list of famous names which looks like a page from Who's Who.

PROBABLY not as rich as Mrs. Guest, but even more famous as a hostess, is Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, the former Joan Whitney, whose brother is the present U. S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

A plump, outdoor lady in her 50s, Mrs. Payson has tossed memorable parties on Long Island's North Shore where hundreds of wealthy Blue Bookers have danced until dawn to the music of a couple of orchestras while champagne flowed like water.

Mrs. Payson looks like anything but a woman of wealth. Her taste in clothes runs to conventional dresses of dark shades and she shuns jewellery. Her hats are tiny creations which hardly make her stand out in a crowd.

"If you saw Joan in a restaurant, at the track when one of the Greentree horses is running or at the theatre, you would never figure her for someone who is loaded," a friend observed.

IF MRS. PAYSON hardly lives up to the popular conception of the very wealthy American heiress,

Over-Bright Light May Encourage Cataracts

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

I DON'T suppose you ever thought about sunglasses as offering protection from development of cataracts. But it appears they might.

Cataracts, you see, can attack the eyes at any age. Some are even present at birth. Yet most do not begin developing until after the age of 50.

What Cataract Is

Now a cataract is an opacity of the lens of the eye or of the capsule enclosing the lens. All cataracts do not cause blindness. Some grow rapidly, some slowly. Some don't grow at all and others are absorbed and disappear.

Even when a cataract is a definite threat to sight, surgery can save the eye in many, many cases.

What causes cataracts? Well, next to old age, we believe heat is the most common cause. The lens contains 84.1 per cent protein, the highest of any body organ.

Becomes Opaque

Heat coagulates protein causing it to become opaque. And opaque protein in the lens of the eye constitutes a cataract. The Better Vision Institute points out that the change is similar to that produced in the white of an egg by the heat of

cooking. I think that's an excellent explanation.

Doctors have found that cataracts develop early, rapidly and frequently in regions of intense light and heat.

Glassblowers, for example, have a high incidence of cataracts. So do sheet-metal workers, stokers and others whose occupations expose them to bright light and intense heat.

Beach Glare

I don't suppose many of you fall into any of these classifications, but I'll bet many of you will spend some time on the beaches.

And under prolonged exposure, the infra-red radiation that lurks in the light reflected from bright skies, beaches, water and even roads, is potentially harmful.

Simple Precautions

Anyone whose eyes are exposed to bright sunlight for long and frequent periods runs some risk that he will be predisposed to early cataracts. Now, there probably will be some who will argue the point, but I believe that the mere fact that the possibility of harming the eyes exists is enough to justify simple precautions such as wearing sunglasses.



MRS. JAMES DONAHUE

neither do Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. James Donahue and Mrs. William A. Burden, who round out our group of multi-millionaire hostesses.

Mrs. Donahue, the former Jessie Woolworth, is a plumpish, youthful-looking blonde who remains one of the best-dressed women in the world, though she is nearing the 70 mark and fights a constant battle with her weight.

One of our great hostesses, Mrs. Donahue divides her time between her 5th Avenue apartment, her Palm Beach villa and homes in Paris and the Riviera, where she travels in the International Jet Set along with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

This kind and generous woman, who is the favorite aunt of Barbara Hutton and the one Babs always runs to when in trouble, has spent a fair portion of her adult life trying to guide the dizzy destinies of her playboy sons, Woolworth and Jimmy, and her marriage-prone niece.

THE LAST on our list of famous hostesses is Mrs. Burden, the former Florence Twombly, who has studiously avoided publicity through the years, despite the vast wealth inherited from her mother, the late Florence Adele Vanderbilt Twombly, granddaughter of the old Commodore.

Mrs. Burden lives quietly, whether in New York, Newport or Palm Beach, and on a far more modest scale than her parents enjoyed during their lifetime. Her mother, who died a few years ago, maintained a house at 1 E. 71st Street which was staffed by 80 servants, including a chef who earned \$25,000 a year.

"Most people probably think being very rich is the solution to all of life's problems," one of the great hostesses said not long ago. "The truth is that we have our problems, too, the biggest of which is finding something to do. It isn't easy when you've never really HAD to do anything."



MRS. CHARLES SHIPMAN PAYSON

HAPPY-DOUBLE-LUCKY!

Among the most-moved women in our midst there are the Free-Spenders. Their follies have been headlined universally, making them known to the poorest of the poor who have nothing perhaps but happiness—something the Free-Spenders can't seem to purchase positively.



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The part of pink that's the heart of pink...
...100 degrees pinker than pink ever was before!
A sun-pink; a moon-pink, an everything-that's-June pink!
The only pink with enough dash for the new crash colors of summer. 'BUTTERFLY PINK'! Reach out and catch it... you might catch more than you bargained for this summer!





ABOVE RIGHT: Admirers inspect embroidery work at an exhibition of handcrafts by Hongkong primary schools, sponsored by the Hongkong Jaycees and held at the Chinese Catholic Centre last Saturday.



ABOVE: Mr. E. Tyrer, Assistant Commissioner of Police, Hongkong Island (second from right) inspects the Police passing out parade at the Police Training School in Aberdeen last week. Mr. Tyrer later took the salute as the graduating contingent marched past.



ABOVE: The new 150-room Astor Hotel in Kowloon was officially opened by Major H. F. Stanley, Executive Director of the H.K. Tourist Association, on Wednesday. Left to right after the opening are Mr. Kin Hoo-san, Major Stanley, Mrs. Nelson Leo and Mr. Nelson Leo.



LEFT: Danny Vas carefully cuts his birthday cake as a young attractive guest watches intently. Danny was eight last Saturday, and celebrated the occasion with a gay party. He is the son of Mr and Mrs L. J. Vas.

RIGHT: The Hon. J. D. Clague addressing members of the Lions Club last Saturday on the subject of Hongkong's textile industry problems. In the centre is Mr Lorenzo Lo.



BELOW: About a hundred people attended a cocktail party at the Peninsula Hotel on Monday in honour of Mr Lowell C. Collins, President of the Founders Mutual Fund, New York, and his wife who are on a round-the-world tour. Mr and Mrs Collins (left) are seen chatting with guests.



ABOVE: H.E. the Governor being piped over the side on leaving HMS 1556 following an inspection of H.K. Royal Naval Reserve minesweepers last week. The ship's Commanding Officer, Lt Bristow, is on the right.

BELOW: The President of the Street Sleepers' Shelter Society, Mr D. L. Strollet (right), shakes hands with the retiring Chairman, Mr J. A. Bendall, after presenting him with a souvenir album at a farewell tea party recently.



BELOW: The Diocesan Old Girls' Association and the Diocesan Old Boys' Association held a lunch picnic last Friday. They went to Picnic Bay, Lamma Island. A happy group is seen ready for the day's outing just before the launch left the Harbour.

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ABOVE: Two members of the cast of a Chinese play, "The Sacrifice of a Sister and Brother," go through a dress rehearsal at the Chinese Y.M.C.A. The play, presented by members of the Dramatic Society of the Chinese Y.M.C.A. will be put on to-night.



The Restaurant in Kowloon

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JOY MATTHEWS EXPLODES A POPULAR MYTH... in Cornwall

Q: Where do the 'eligibles' go in summer?
A: Not abroad, girls, but right here!

COME back, girls, this is they are hiding away in the Brass and Bentley the coves of Cornwall. I spotted five Bentleys in country. All you Misses who would be Mrs—the half an hour and about 15 rich men are not on the Jaguars. The biggest Rolls-shores of the Costa Brava, Royce I have ever seen

wormed its way around the lanes of Helford each day. It seems that the boys prefer something to do on their holidays. Sunshine just is not enough.

"I've been abroad a lot. The Army and all that, you know," said one obviously lonely and eligible bachelor to me as he swigged down brandies at the bar.

"Of course, there is the weather. But, you see, I sail, and when it looks dull it's often a wonderful day for sailing."

Another had come for the shark fishing. "Shark fishing gives you a wonderful sense of peace," he assured me.

There were men in boats, men in bars, men on water skis, men in cars—big, expensive, shiny cars.

THEIR DILEMMA

He showed me exactly how he does it:—

1. Pull the arms straight out of the body. 2. Chop the lobster in half—that is cut off its tail just where the legs begin. 3. Split the tail in half right down the centre and thoroughly wash the black line that runs through the body.

4. Now pull the head apart—the cream is in the top of the head and that is delicious. But

on a balcony overlooking a real Cornish fishing port with the seagulls sweeping nearly into the glass window.

Major John Kelly, who supplies visitors with about 60 or 70 lb. of lobsters a day, gave me his recipe. But first, he showed me how to cut up a lobster.

"Most smart London restaurants cut their lobsters down the middle," he told me. "It may seem blasphemous to them, but this is wrong."

He showed me exactly how he does it:—

1. Pull the arms straight out of the body. 2. Chop the lobster in half—that is cut off its tail just where the legs begin. 3. Split the tail in half right down the centre and thoroughly wash the black line that runs through the body.

4. Now pull the head apart—the cream is in the top of the head and that is delicious. But

Four ideas to keep the sun off your face

By VERONICA PAPWORTH

Now's the time for the midsummer madness of a crazy hat.

- Below is a 3ft.-wide "Thatch" of bright blue raffia.
- The "Coolie" (bottom left) is multi-coloured.
- The "Boater" (centre) wonderful with a tailored suit or dress, is in natural straw with scarlet ribbons.
- The "Sugarloaf," is in emerald of scarlet with contrasting ribbons.



brain as I surveyed the British Riviera with all its wonderful attractions. It was the hit song of "My Fair Lady": "The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plains."

THE TOP TOPS

Smartest tops in Cornwall are the sailors' smocks—the real McCoy that you get at the fishermen's stores. You can get there in what is called tarette, a dark rust colour, sailcloth, or buvette, a real fishermen's blue. You can buy them for only 19s. 11d. More colourful fishermen's smocks with open necks and turn-back collars cost 32s. 11d., and look wonderful with different-coloured sailcloth shorts or slacks.

WHAT LONDON DOESN'T KNOW

BEST hot lobster I've ever tasted was in Mousehole (pronounced mowzil),

never, never eat the mouth or the lungs. These are poisonous.

Scrape away the cream with your fingers. Pick out the fish from the cells. 5. Crack the claws in half. 6. Serve half the tail, a pile of flesh from the head and a claw.

SERVING IT HOT

His recipe of hot lobster is one that every cook should have at hand.

"Make a very thick white sauce so that when it is cold it is like a thick dough. The season with salt and cayenne pepper. Add finely sliced mushrooms—the white are best, but black will do—chopped chives, a sprinkle of rosemary—fresh is best, but the dried is good enough—pressed garlic, a little dry mustard and grated cheese. Ordinary mousetrap cheese is the best... but only a little, and only the smallest amount of mustard, otherwise it will have that hot mustardy taste."

"Chop up your lobster coarsely—too fine and it will taste like lace curtains. Add this, plus half a sherry glass of dry white wine—one with plenty of taste to it—to about a large tablespoonful of the sauce."

"Pile back into the tail shell, sprinkle with a little more grated cheese and put it under the grill for a moment. Serve with a green salad."

A Drip Dry Sari In Virginia Water

DOWN in a Surrey birch wood a crazy, contemporary house spreads out between the trees like some fungus from outer space.

It is run by a 27-year-old girl who wears rings on her toes—but never shows her legs—who burns loss sticks—but won't smoke; who calls her husband "Darling"—but never by his first name.

I went down to Virginia Water not only to see the sort of place we all might be living in come 1964, but to find out how the traditions of the East blend with the rather self-conscious unconventions of the West.

Lila met me under the canopy that serves as a garage. She came towards me wearing a silvery chiffon eari and walking with the peculiar grace that comes from placing one foot directly in front of the other.

Dancer

BEFORE her marriage to an Indian shipping magnate, Shiv Kapoor, Lila was a famous classical Indian dancer. But since moving into Gulliver a few weeks ago she's become the hostess with the mostest questions to answer.

It seems this revolutionary home of glass and wood and stone attracts sightseers. Some try to get inside for a closer look and as the walls are made of sliding glass panels, they usually walk straight through these ever-open doors into the open-plan living-room.

There they gaze in amazement at a fireplace cut through a wall to serve two rooms... a lily ponds that's half indoors and half in the garden... an angora-carpeted well that provides the seating accommodation... and the beautiful Sinhalese in a girl who asks them to please get the hell out.

Over an almost-100-hot-to-handle curry Mrs Kapoor told me how this wonderful of paradoxes came into being.

"It's really a most practical way of life," she said, in that lilting, near-Welsh accent. "Here we have the best of both worlds. Our home is warm and easy to keep clean because we have hardly any furniture—the glass walls catch every scrap of dirt there is and give you the feeling you're outdoors."

Customs

BUT how, I asked, can you combine the age-old customs of a distant continent with this futuristic setting?

"Because modern science can offer little that's better," she replied. "The Joss-sticks I use are not just a ritual—they also act as an air-purifier."

"And the saris? Well, it's the ideal dress for my twentieth-century women. It packs in a flash, it doesn't crease, you only need one set of accessories, it clings to the body, yet it gives with each movement, and—most important—it washes and dries without ironing."

I left Gulliver thinking no matter what Kipling and the neighbours say, one woman, at least, has proved that the twain strains of East and West can meet to mutual advantage.

ROOM OF IDEAS

DECORATOR'S dream for a teenage boy was in a lovely stone house overlooking a beautiful bay. His mother had done it herself, and made it exactly like a ship's cabin.

She has whitewashed the walls and left the floors for polishing with only a couple of fush mats.

All the furniture was in scrubbed wood. The divan bed was covered in that fisherman's blue sailcloth. The curtains were blue as well with white braid in three bands at the bottom. The cushions and chair covers were in orange and cream sailcloth.

There were no pictures, just a very smart brass clock—the ones they use for ships—and a couple of pieces of fishing net with glass ball floats in coloured string bags hanging at either end.

Household Hints

To remove discoloration from aluminium cooking utensils, cook rhubarb, tomatoes or tart apples, or a weak vinegar solution in them.

Hotteredish and sour cream make a fancy sauce for canned green beans. Mix 1 teaspoon of the cream-style hotteredish with 1/4 cup of sour cream. Serve on hot, seasoned beans.

"My East was Gorgeous"—I find that she, too, feels Western women have a lot to learn about dressing.

Describing the Burmese national dress, imposed by decree since independence, she says it shouldn't require a law to make any "right-thinking" woman prefer it.

"It" consists of "the lehngyi"—the ankle-length sarong-skirt caught and folded over to one side, and a filmy white jacket, waist-high with long fitted sleeves, which is worn over a white camisole bodice edged with lace... It must be one of the most flattering and comfortable feminine get-ups ever invented.

But author Morris adds a word of warning. "In a very few years... the old indolent charming ways will be preserved only as a tourist attraction in specified playgrounds."

After my brief insight into the Orient this week I can only hope this doesn't happen before I've saved enough to take a slow boat to China.

The simple life? Well, I wonder...

THIS certainly seems to have been my "Mother India" week. The other I met one of that nation's top film stars—Indira Sen Johar.

A tense, wiry figure with a thick flop of black hair obscuring one of his ragged eyebrows, Mr Johar has flown here from Bombay for the premiere of his first foreign movie—"Harry Blagg".

"Actually," he said with a modest smile, "I'm the first Indian actor to appear in a British film. Sabur! Not really, he was picked up somewhere and then taught how to behave in front of the camera."

Mr Johar smiled again, whitely and disarmingly, but not long enough for the smile to reach his eyes.

"You see, these days I prefer to act only in the films that I write and direct myself, but I decided to do this one with Stewart Granter because it's about time Indian stars and films made serious headway in the Western market."

"After all, with 300 pictures a year, our industry is second only to America..."

Finance

LIKE all the top Indian stars Mr Johar is usually engaged in around 20 different films at once. "Finance is so uncertain that we all accept every contract that's offered and then we devote two or three days to each production in turn."

Despite his vast "staked" salary of around £30,000 a picture ("If anybody reported me to the Government for not paying tax they would be socially boycotted—it's the accepted thing") the 37-year-old Mr Johar professes to lead a simple life.

I wonder if his first foreign film will do anything to change it. Or whether, like Lila Kapoor, of her travels in the Orient—he will have to compromise.



A sophisticated setting for an old-world girl.

Keep them out!

The strongest and most persistent insect killer ever!

INSIDE SHOW BUSINESS

MARGARET LEIGHTON
AND YUL BRYNNER

LAST NIGHT'S SURPRISE TEAMING FROM HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD the other night sprang the most surprising casting news of the season: Margaret Leighton to co-star with Yul Brynner in "The Sound and the Fury."

The film, based on the William Faulkner novel dealing with a degenerate family of once-distinguished

Southern aristocrats, will be made in America in the autumn. It will be Miss Leighton's first film in Hollywood.

Her part: a middle-aged woman over-fond of the company of men. It is regarded as one of the best chances for an actress since Vivien Leigh won an Oscar for her performance in "A Streetcar Named

Desire" seven years ago. The picture, one of the most important on 20th Century-Fox's programme, will be directed by Martin Ritt, who recently made the successful film "The Long Hot Summer."

Miss Leighton's husband, Laurence Harvey, will be touring America with the Old Vic Company while she is working in Hollywood.



SIMMERING TRIANGLE: A MAN, HIS CRUTCHES... AND HIS WIFE

In one picture
—all the
heat
on the
hot
tin roof

THIS latest shot from the film version of Tennessee Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" pulls together in one picture all the elements of a controversial story—the allure of the girl, the weariness of the man, the glass of whisky which fails to soothe, and the crutch resting near the bed.

Elizabeth Taylor is the wife and Paul Newman her husband. Elizabeth Taylor has switched from her gamine hair-style to a sleek, toline look which is more in keeping with her part as the "Cat."

Miss Taylor was to have followed up "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" with a new film, "Bismarck's Holiday," which she would have made for the company of her late husband Michael Todd. Now the picture has been postponed because no suitable co-star can be found for Miss Taylor.

BUDGET for "Bon Hur" now being filmed in Italy has been increased to \$4,500,000, which will make it the most expensive picture M.G.M. has ever made.

SIXTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD Margaret Rutherford became entangled in the wires of a chest microphone at a rehearsal for the "Night of a Hundred Stars" charity show. She asked tearfully: "What are you trying to do, hang me? I don't need this contraption to make myself heard!" And proceeded to prove it.

ARTHUR MILLER is working on the film version of his play "A View from the Bridge," which will be shot in New York and France. The star will be Italian actor Raf Vallone, who is now appearing in the French version of the play.

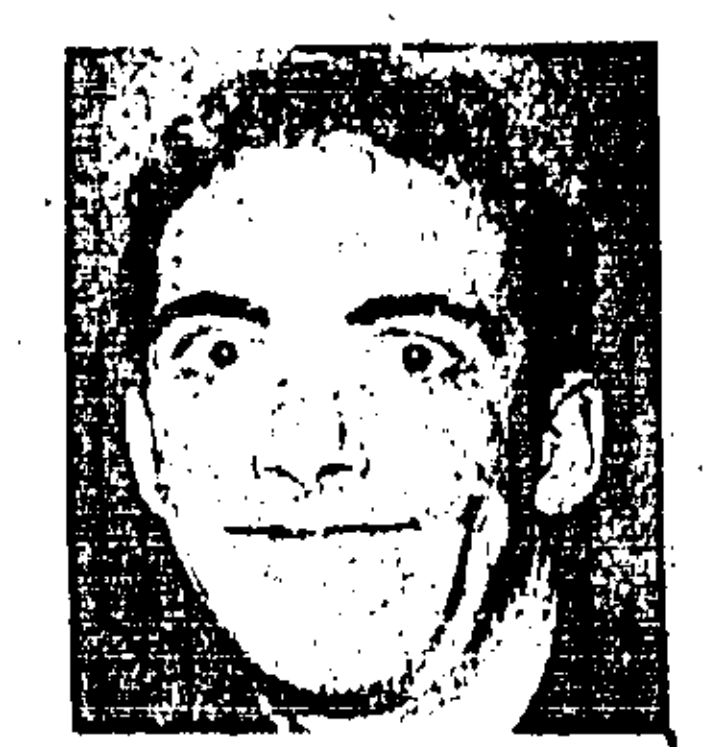
AS soon as the Broadway run of "Romanoff and Juliet" ends late this year Peter Ustinov flies to Hollywood to join Kirk Douglas and Charles Laughton in the \$1,000,000

epic "Spartacus" for which Sir Laurence Olivier is sought as star and director.

SCREEN villain Lee J. Cobb, who usually ends as a bullet-riddled corpse, says he is beginning to feel like the Russian actor who described his roles: "I've just completed a great tragedy. In this one I died before that I played another tragedy. In that one I died. Now I appear in a comedy. In this one I also die. But I die happy."

THE PLAY, by hair-dresser "Tossy Weasy" Raymond, "Adam, My Friend," which was to have been staged in a festival of plays at Chester, has been postponed. Replacement: "Dry Rot."

HOLLYWOOD director Frank Capra: "Films aren't pictures that are to be hung on a wall. They have to have three dimensions—two on the screen and the third in the audience."

Stooge to
a dummy
—is it
success?

BERNARD BRESSLAU (above), virtually an unknown just a year ago, started his first starring movie the other day. "I Only Arsed," they will call it, after the catch-phrase which has turned Bresslaw, "Private Peepsey" of ITVs "The Army Game," into a national figure.

Exactly 12 months, Bresslaw knows this is how long it takes to become a star on TV. Now he is pulling out of the show, will not return for the next 12-month run. The 15th ex-R.A.D.A. student has asked himself: Can TV kill a comic as quickly as it makes one?

Third fiddle

Instead of "The Army Game," Bresslaw will play third fiddle to a dummy in the Archie Andrews Show on the old steam radio. Briefly, crew lunch with Archie's boss, Peter Brown, he agreed to change into a voice, throwing away his main assets of a 6ft. 6in. gorgeous frame and two bulging eyes.

Look at the names he follows as stooge to Archie: Tony Hancock, Harry Secombe, Benny Hill, Max Bygraves, Beryl Reid, James Robertson, Justice. Why does a man coming up to the £250-a-week class somersault back like this?

Said Bresslaw: "Just once I went on one of the Lyons radio shows. I felt like a baby. They gave me one gag. It didn't get a laugh. I sat at home in despair, listening. I realised there was a big hole in my experience."

'It's an honour'

At 24, the man who wanted to join the Old Vic finds himself deluged with offers to tour variety, to doo and gimble and sing house, puny songs. But radio will give him time to persuade TV chiefs to give him a part in a straight play. Bresslaw said: "People fire off your face more quickly than they fire off your voice. It's a real honour to follow the stiling of comics who have worked with Archie. They can't all be wrong. This is the time to move on. Clear out of TV at your peak. Be grateful but realise that 'Peepsey' and progress don't mix."

ODD title follow-up to the success of Bardot's "And God Created Woman" and the horror films cycle is a new thriller called: "Frankenstein Created Woman."

THE Crazy Gang return to the screen in September for the first time since their 1946 hit, "Gangbusters." A search is now going on to find new young talent to support the ageing comics.

GORDON SCOTT, eleven months actor to portray Tarzan on the screen, is already tired of his loin cloth. He has wanted the producers that unless he is allowed to play other roles he will quit. His latest film: "Tarzan's Fight for Life."

CLAIRE BLOOM and Dame Edith Evans were added to the cast of the British film version of "Back in Action." Miss Bloom will play Mary Ure's rival for the love of Richard Burton. Dame Edith will play Mary Ure's mother.

CHARLES LAUGHTON met a peer at a cocktail party. Said the peer: "You must come down to my home some time." Answered Laughton: "I did so last week—for 23.6d."

PART of Gary Grant's pay-off for his role in "Indiscreet," with Ingrid Bergman, was a \$5,000 Holly-Royce car. Bergman refused for money.

JOINT PERKINS is out of the Marion Brande production, "Shake Hands With The Devil," to be made in Ireland this summer. His schedule was upset by his late start on "Green Mansions" with Audrey Hepburn. So now Don Murray steps into Brande's Irish rebellion story with James Cagney.

Wilding
goes gay
once again

MICHAEL WILDING will be making his comeback to films after a three-year absence in a new British thriller tentatively called "Danger Within."

His role will also be a return for Wilding to the debonair, light comedy style that first made him a star.

The story concerns a murder in an Italian prisoner-of-war camp, with Wilding as one prisoner who is not escapee-happy. Producer Colin Leslie has signed Richard Todd and Richard Attenborough as two of the other prisoners.

Before he starts the film, Wilding will co-star with ice-skater Sonja Henie in a TV Spectacular to be filmed here for showing in America.

Now he is back in the line that made him famous where will he live—Hollywood or London? Most likely permanent address—London, which is where the work is. Already he is suggesting that his 34-year-old father at present in America might like to return to England.

FRANK SINATRA and close friend Peter Lawford have bought and will produce a story called "Ocean's Eleven." It tells of a band of ex-G.I.s who capture Las Vegas for 24 hours and rob five casinos.

Sinatra incidentally has a financial interest in a Las Vegas hotel-casino.

But neither the thin singer nor his friend will star in it. Sinatra says: "We would like Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. Lawford isn't the type for the story and I'll be busy elsewhere."

JULIE ANDREWS has

made her first record since starring in London in "My Fair Lady." It is a long-player of a vintage musical, "Rose Marie."

TARGET HOW many words or more can you make from the letters in the words on the left in making each word at least three letters long. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names. (Solutions on page 14.)

VERBETTER'S SOLUTION (Solutions on page 14.)

I Love
Danger.
He Says

By THOMAS WISEMAN

IN the matter of making films, most of the top Hollywood stars now believe in the do-it-yourself principle. They have become the new tycoons, with a million dollars' collateral in their smile, their dimples or their bosom, as the case may be.

No longer can they claim to be rogues and vagabonds, strolling players, madcaps, and eccentrics: now they are captains of industry, solid as ICI, and when you meet them the talk is not of riotous nights and hangovers, but of overheads, budgets and grosses.

STAR-TYCOON

The conquests they boast about are those of the boardroom rather than the boudoir.

Mr Kirk Douglas is one of the most successful of these new star-tycoons and when I called on him the other day at the house he has rented in Eaton Square he was deeply immersed in the box-office returns of his latest production, "The Vikings."

With reverence—for he was quoting from the showman's bible, Variety—he began to read out the strange ritualistic phrases which can mean boom or bust, doom or salvation to a film tycoon.

"Vikings: Wham! 14 Grand Minneapolis," he cried fervently, and continued his semi-religious chant: "Lucky 12 Grand St. Louis; Virile in Kansas City; Plenty Masculine... Smash, Soko... Boff Sockaroo."

RUGGED

Translated into English, this means that Mr Douglas's film is making money. You could deduce as much even if you didn't speak the language, from the smile which bisected his face and the vibration in his voice and, if you want to be vulgarly materialistic, from the Bentley standing outside his front door.

In appearance, Mr Douglas does not resemble the typical tycoon: he is rugged, as positive as a punch on the nose and has the coiled-up vitality of a runner waiting for the starter's gun to go off.

He wore a pair of silky blue trousers, a monogrammed striped shirt with a button down collar, and he was busy. Before my arrival he had been filmed for TV and when I left he was expecting an art dealer with some pictures.

When I tickled him about this business of becoming a tycoon, Mr Douglas was just love it. But real danger, anxious to point out that if he

was one, which he doubted, he had assumed the role with reluctance.

"If I had listened to the financial wizards," he said, "I would never have made 'The Vikings.' I was sticking my neck out—if I had analysed it all in cold blood and looked at it with the financier's eyes I probably wouldn't have done it."

"I went into it with naïveté—that's the only way to make pictures. Hell, I could have shot it at Santa Monica, but in my naïveté I said I would shoot it in Norway in the fjords. If the film had been a flop I personally would have stood to lose \$1,000,000."

"You see, I'm not a very business-like businessman—I tell you, I hate to be thought of as a businessman. Later, if I listened to the businessmen I'd still be on the Bowery."

But even if he does not possess all of the characteristics, Mr Douglas is a tycoon in the sense that he is in charge of multi-million dollar enterprises.

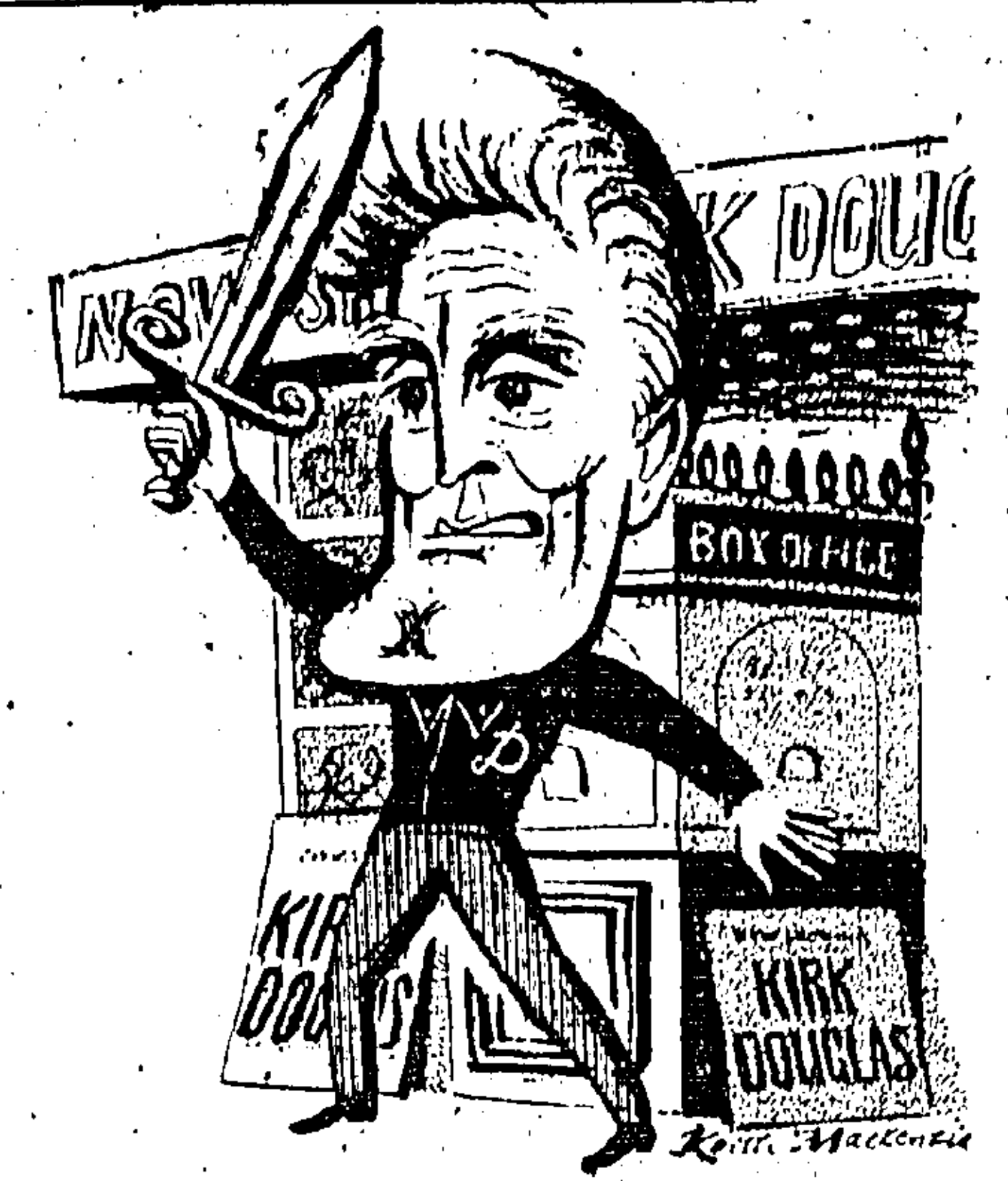
With such a position of power there comes inevitably responsibility, and I wondered if he did not regret the loss of his carefree days as a mere actor. Tycoons, even by another name, cannot afford to be hell-raisers.

"I'm not one of the utter brigade," said Mr Douglas. "I'm an actor, too, and that helps you get rid of all the pent-up feelings that give people ulcers. We've all got murder in us, but we're all not murderers in being able to get rid of it in his performances. It's a kind of catharsis. Very healthy."

"As for this hell-raising business, that's all pretty childish. I'm a man who loves danger—this business of becoming a tycoon, Mr Douglas was just love it. But real danger, anxious to point out that if he

"I'm so glad you dropped in! George is making a speech next week and wants to try it on some plain people with average brains!"

LIMELIGHT GETS SOME ADVICE ON A GAMBLE



played-around and got drunk—they didn't have enough guts to live dangerously.

"They were just children. I can get drunk too but I don't make a career of it. Now I'll tell you what is real adventure, gambling. \$4,000,000 on a film—having to take decisions involving millions, that's a real grown-up thrill. Not getting drunk."

RESPECT

"Don't get this wrong—I don't care that much about money. I've been a poor boy most of my life so I have a healthy respect for it, but I haven't allowed it to contaminate me. Anybody's an idiot who thinks he can live without money; but he's also an idiot if he thinks money is going to make him happy."

RESPONSIBILITY

To the traditional tycoon, all this must sound very much like heresy, but then as Mr Douglas says, he is not one of them.

"To show you how much the financial boys know," he said, "they told me when I started out they'd have to fill in the dimple on my chin. That's what they said. Well, I didn't listen to them. Now it's practically my trade-mark. And it's box-office too."

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ROBERT PITMAN'S book page

ON a giant electric pylon high among the hills of Gloucestershire I was talking to a novelist about his work.

Below us the River Severn looked like a trickle. The wind moaned. Drizzle beat at my face. Numbly my hands clutched at the pylon's struts.

Far above me the writer clambered calmly upwards. Beneath me my feet slithered on a shelf of barbed wire. It was not the way you would expect to pass time with a novelist. But this was an unexpected novelist.

His name is R. H. Bryan. His 1955 novel—a brilliant satire on the follies of modern Britain. His full-time profession—overheard linemen for the electricity board.

Let me explain why I went to such lengths to keep company with Mr Bryan. It was not merely because his writing is so sharply funny. I had another reason.

Each week I get letters from readers who would like to write a book. Is it possible, they ask, to be a part-time author? It is no use pointing to doctors or schoolteachers or civil servants who manage to write. Since civil servant chatter himself, a few limited professions have always found time to get

into the writing business too. But what about other people? Well, let us look at linemen Bryan's spare-time book. Its title: **THE BARFORD CAT AFFAIR** (Abelard - Schuman, 10s. 6d.).

You would never guess that it was written in the evening hours after daily work among the pylons. It has a clarity of style that few of the Bloomsbury men ever attain.

Startlingly it begins:— "This is the authentic story of that affair which happened several years ago in Barford when I was a young cat."

If you can find a more striking first sentence from any book published this year I would like to see it. And Bryan's story keeps up the standard.

It tells how, after a warning from the local M.O.H. about cats spreading disease, the councillors and aldermen of Barford decide to run an anti-cat campaign. By-laws are passed. Anti-cat officers are appointed. But the cats have an answer.

Secretly at night on the town's allotments they meet in conclave. Mounting a rearm of compost their leader, an elderly British shorthair, addresses them. Huskily "no mews—"

"We cats are solitary. To use that hackneyed phrase, we walk alone. Therein lies our strength. It is because we walk alone that we have carried the torch of freedom, independence, and individuality straight and unswerving across the sorry pages of history."

So the great cat debate begins. Finally, in a tone almost to the bone, the cats get the better of it. The anti-cat by-laws are withdrawn. But not before author Bryan has managed to put over some of his opinions about the state of Britain today. Consider this comment, for example:—

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Here's hope for all the would-be writers—Honest Toil is just the thing to get you started on a best-seller

Where's the author? Why, up the pylon —doing his job



LINEMAN BRYAN

"Whatever else Barford is a typically English city and vocally proud of it. There are few scenes more attractive to you than the old High Street (now slightly widened) of medieval fame on a sunny Saturday afternoon, with its Woolworths, Bata Shoes, Marilyn Monroe posters outside the Odeon, noisy children in the Dinky Crockett suite, colourful window displays, G.I.s crying babies, guttural Poles, raucous music from the TV shops."

QUIETLY

What is Bryan like? I first met him in his snug basement flat overlooking Bristol.

Shyly, quietly he talked about his life—about cattle-ranching in Canada, about fighting as an officer under Wingate, about working as a lorry driver when war ended.

He said: "After that I worked for five years in Inland Revenue. But I cannot stand offices. No

one could call the Inland Revenue brain-work, but it left my brain tired in the evening. Then one day I saw an electricity board advertisement for linemen. It was just the thing I wanted. My mind was fresh when I came home in the evening, and I started writing this book almost at once."

Green-eyed Tinker, one of the Bryan cats, rubbed against my legs. Nervously I asked its master: "What work are you doing today?" Bryan unrolled a map and pointed. He said: "I have to patrol the super-grid here. And I have to climb up a 120ft. pylon here. Would you like to come along?"

WHAT OTHERS?

I then made the biggest mistake ever committed in a literary interview, I said "Yes." What other unexpected novelists are there? For me easily the most fascinating is Wilfred Pereira. His first novel, *Time of Departure* (Hale, 10s. 6d.), was compared by the critics with *Shute* and *Nigel Balchin*.

This summer his third novel, *JOHNSON'S JOURNEY* (Hale, 10s. 6d.), appears. It is based topically on the possibilities of a British space project. He has a fourth novel ready for printing—and is working on a fifth.

But when I met the prolific Mr Pereira during the week, I did not find him tapping away in some secluded study. I found him at Olympia. On a stand at the Chemical and Petroleum Engineering Exhibition.

For, in working hours, novelist Pereira is an engineer. His job:

sales executive in an important manufacturing firm in the aircraft business. Unlike Bryan (who never mentions a pylon in his novel) Pereira puts his day-time work to good use.

A REBUKE

Take his *Time of Departure*. In action form it is the detailed story of a supersonic airliner project. A typical dramatic scene—the prototype's first big test in the air. From the hangers and drawing offices workers edge tensely on to the field to watch.

The little personnel manager is appalled. He hustles up shouting: "What are you doing out here? The hooters sounded more than a quarter of an hour ago." But it is the manager who is in the wrong. The chief engineer rebukes him. "Go away!" he tells the little man. "You annoy me. How long have you been in the aircraft industry?"

Only a writer from that industry, a man like Pereira, who knows all about the ritual of a first flight, could manage a scene like that.

But how does he find time to manage it? At Olympia Pereira gave me his formula.

IN A DAZE

"Near us great machines turned slowly to and fro on the demonstration stands. He said:— 'Whatever else happens, I write 2,000 words in longhand each day, including Sundays. 'I'll be writing at my hotel this evening. I write in places, on train journeys.'"

Dazed with the thought of Pereira's daily 2,000 I left Olympia. I bumped into a policeman who was chatting with a newspaper-seller. Respectfully I said sorry. Perhaps they were just discussing the weather. But you never know. They may have been two novelists exchanging notes on style.



... I had made the biggest mistake ever committed in a literary interview ... I began to climb the 120ft. pylon.

RAMSDEN GREIG'S RECORD COLUMN

ELLA

NO WONDER CROSBY CALLS HER "THE GREATEST"

AMONG the phenomena of this world—like the leaning tower of Pisa, refrigerators, Espresso coffee bars and Bing Crosby—there stands Ella Fitzgerald. Big, ebullient Ella (fifteen stone, and she doesn't care who knows it) this year celebrates her twentieth anniversary in the top bracket of jazz.

The other day she flew into London to let folks here know that at 40 she is still going strong.

Her aeroplane arrived from France at lunch-time. In the afternoon she was holding court coincidentally at a Press reception.

In the evening she was bounding it out sweet and sassy in the company of such jazz giants as Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge on the stage of the Gaumont State, Kilburn.

Vibrant

Even from the extreme range of the seats supplied to the critics, Ella was loud and clear and vibrant—the most exciting thing on the jazz scene today. She came on at the end of the proceedings just when many members of her audience were thinking of the last train home. It says a lot for Miss Fitzgerald that some of her fans are probably still walking home during the day.

She continues her onslaught at Kilburn on a standing-room-only basis.

"Ella," says the man who spends much of his waking hours pulling Miss Fitzgerald out of beds or cinema seats for Press interviews, "dotes on movie stars and interior-sprung mattresses."

"Sometimes," says Miss Fitzgerald, talking like something out of Uncle Tom's Cabin, "I sit through a picture three times. All I just love Bing Crosby."

Her devotion to Mr Crosby is understandable. "Man, women or child," Bing says, "Ella's the greatest."

Three-year wait

It was in 1935, at an amateur night in the Harlem Opera House that Ella—then a slender, frightened adolescent—first sang in public. She followed through with a job singing for Chick Webb's band. But she had to wait until 1938 before all the world knew her as the writer and recorder of a song called *A-Tisket, A-Tasket*.

Twenty-five million records later Ella Fitzgerald now comes up with *Like Someone in Love* (HMV 33). Immense drive and authority are put into 15 tracks that includes *More Than You Know*, *Close Your Eyes*, and *I Never Had A Chance*.

I have been listening to the latest recording of Kathie Ray, and laughing at the publicity surrounding the lady. Miss Ray, who does most of her singing in Scotland, is billed and boosted at the Scottish Fireside Girl. What no one has thought of mentioning, however, is the fact

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



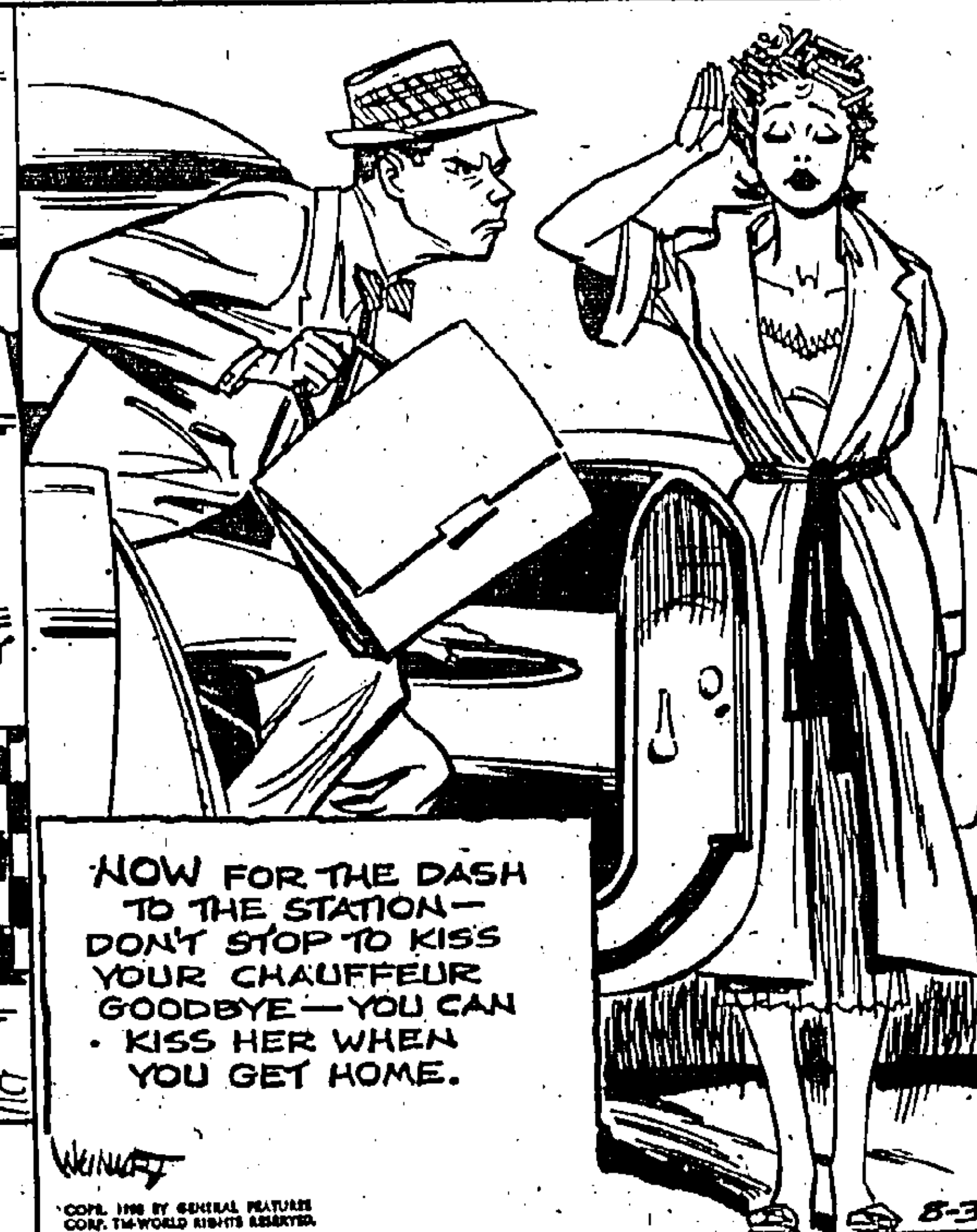
HALF THE BATTLE OF GETTING THE 8:10 IS IN TURNING OUT PROMPTLY WHEN THE CLOCK RADIO SOUNDS OFF—JUST DON'T LIE THERE LISTENING TO THE MUSIC.



MAKE ALLOWANCES FOR BATHROOM DELAYS—THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING UNDERFOOT.



A FEW MINUTES TO WRESTLE WITH A CIGARETTE MACHINE AND YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY.



NOW FOR THE DASH TO THE STATION—DON'T STOP TO KISS YOUR CHAUFFEUR GOODBYE—YOU CAN KISS HER WHEN YOU GET HOME.

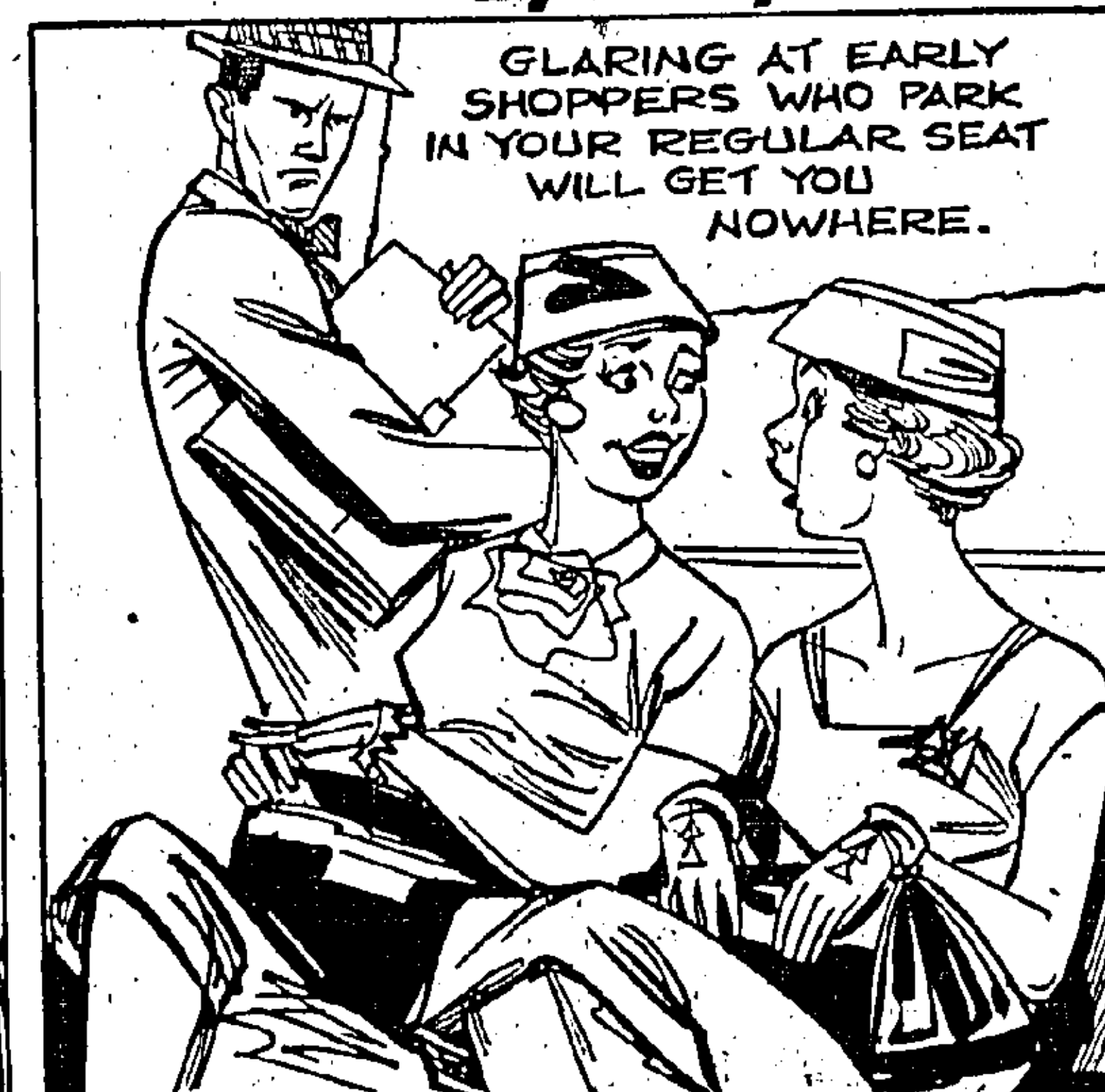
WINNETT COPY LINE BY GENERAL FEATURES COPY: THE WORLD RIGHTS SERVICE



RUSH! RUSH! AS IF THE WORLD DEPENDED UPON YOU—EVERYBODY ELSE DOES IT.

Catching The 8:10

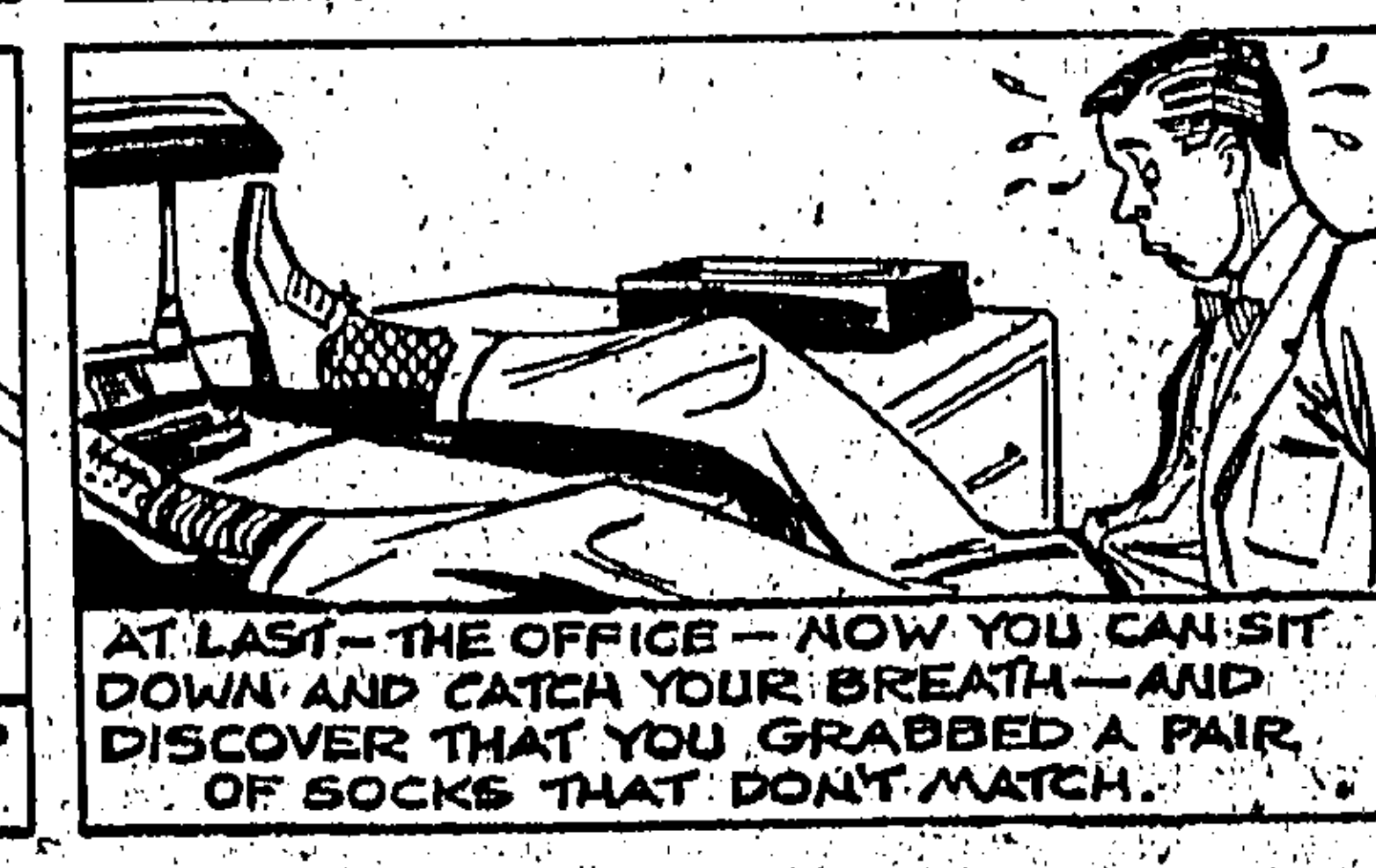
By Harry Weinert



GLARING AT EARLY SHOPPERS WHO PARK IN YOUR REGULAR SEAT WILL GET YOU NOWHERE.



A GLANCE AT THE PAPER IS A MUST—TO SEE IF THE WORLD IS STILL IN ORBIT.



AT LAST—THE OFFICE—NOW YOU CAN SIT DOWN AND CATCH YOUR BREATH—AND DISCOVER THAT YOU GRABBED A PAIR OF SOCKS THAT DON'T MATCH.

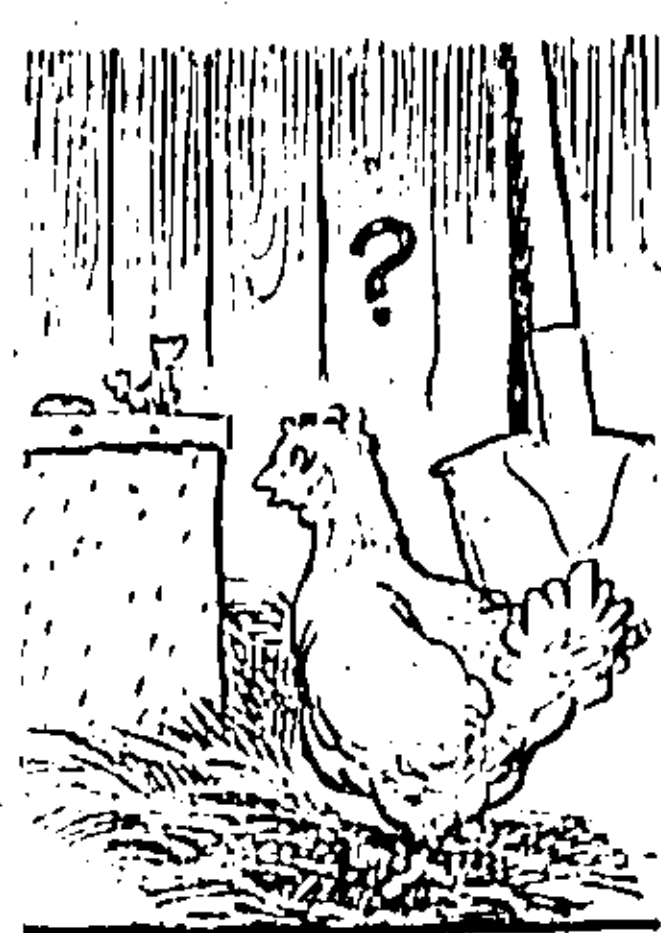


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Short Story—Jipso Jump And Cluckabiddy

JIPSO Jump was a grey mouse who lived in the barn. He was a lively fellow, a good thinker, and a VERY good story teller. He used to sit up on the grain bin and tell stories to almost anyone, but especially to his friend, Cluckabiddy Hen. Cluckabiddy LOVED stories.



But one morning when Jipso came out to get his breakfast he stopped in surprise and goggled his eyes in amazement. "Now, how do you like THAT?" he said. "The farmer has a new feed bin, and it's made of METAL, and it has a LID! How am I going to get breakfast?"

He was perched on top of the bin thinking when Cluckabiddy came along.

"Hi, Jipso!" said Cluckabiddy. "How about a story this morning?"

"I'm not in the mood for stories," squeaked Jipso. "I'm hungry because of this new bin. I'll have no time for story telling," snorted Jipso. "I'll be too busy hunting for food."

Cluckabiddy squawked. "NO STORIES."

A tear started to run down Cluckabiddy's yellow beak. Then she raised her head with a jerk and said, "I know! You can eat from the chicken feeder with me!"

"That WOULD be the end of me!" Jipso answered. "I'd be right out in plain sight of the cat. No sir!"

Jipso nibbled the end of one whisker in a thoughtful way as

he looked at her, then suddenly a bright gleam came into his eyes.

"Cluckabiddy," he said softly. "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll tell you a story every day if you'll help me get to the chicken feeder. I'm sure that if you squatted down a little and walked to the feeder I could walk right under you and nobody would notice me at all."

Cluckabiddy's red comb quivered. "OF COURSE, Jipso!" she cried. "That's a wonderful idea!"

So every day when Cluckabiddy went to the feeder Jipso went with her. And every day Jipso Jump thought up a good story to tell Cluckabiddy, and they both were well-fed and happy.

—S. P. RUSSELL

An Editorial—Marcia's Knack For Friendship

IT wasn't long after Marcia Metcalf moved into our community until she had many friends.

Marcia was good looking in a tall and slim, athletic kind of way; she wasn't any beauty.

She had an adequate wardrobe but not a closetful variety of clothes. She lived in a nice house, but not any nicer than the majority of houses. So, I began to observe her more closely. What I discovered was that Marcia Metcalf had a

knack for friendship, and above all she was sincere. Because of her sincerity her other friendship-getting qualities were easy.

First of all she had many interests which she was happy to share with others.

For example, she loved to knit and was glad to share some of her know-how with other girls. She was interested in YWCA activities, and met lots of girls who were active in Y work too. So, I concluded one of Marcia's friendship knacks was having

lots of interests...springboards for friendships.

Also, Marcia wasted no time feeling self-conscious about her weak points. She went ahead rather than hanging back because she was too tall, or because she had freckles, or because she had braces on her front teeth.

Another strong friendship-getter was her lack of pretence. She never pretended to be something she wasn't.

The last and perhaps the strongest, knack Marcia had was the way she kept her attention on others. The at-

tention made them feel she liked them.

The interest in others showed in her conversation, too. She never tried to monopolize a conversation. Not that Marcia wasn't a good talker. She was. But she gave others the right-of-way.

I'll always be grateful to Marcia for showing me how to acquire the knack for friendship. Most of all I will remember that the knack for friendship begins and ends with sincerity. —EVELYN WITTER

Long Ago—When Kites Were More Than Toys

"GO fly your kite" is a slang term, used mostly for asking one to mind his own business.

Yet back in the eighteenth century kite flying meant something much more serious.

It was in 1749 that two Scotsmen, Dr. Alexander Wilson and Thomas Melville, first used kites for science. They attached a thermometer to one and took the first recorded temperature above the earth's surface.

Other practical uses had already been found for these

aerial toys. They had been effective in throwing lines across streams or chasms. The bringing of the first life line to a stranded ship by means of a kite had been hailed as a great discovery.

As time went on, men found that heavy weights could be lifted high into the air by the kite method. Kites were hitched together at intervals on a stout cord or wire.

In 1895, an Englishman weighing 150 pounds hoisted himself 100 feet into the air with five kites.

Benjamin Franklin's experiments in the field of electricity by means of a kite and key was another "first."

Later on it was found that photographs taken high above the earth's surface were possible by strapping a camera to the frame of a kite and operating it with a cord.

Then someone thought of using several cameras fastened together. By opening all the shutters at once, a complete view of the horizon could be made. The U.S. Weather Bureau's use of "parakites" seem to top them all. By using the tandem kite method the weather bureau at Mt. Weather, Va., once raised their instruments to 23,835 feet, using ten kites on eight and one-half miles of piano wire. —M. S. SHELTON

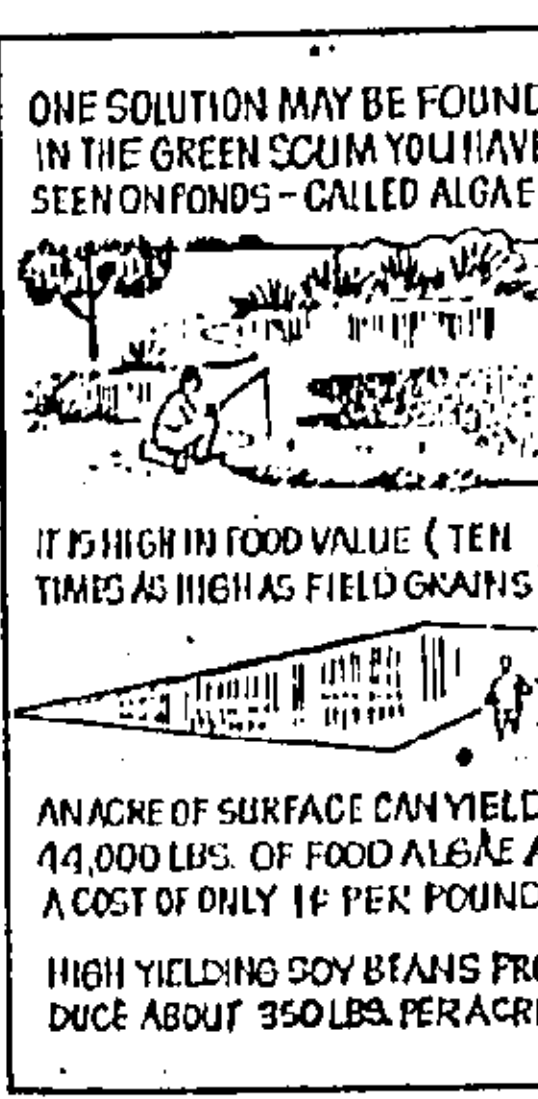


You Should Know—We Are Hunting New Foods



POPULATION INCREASE IN NEXT 20 YEARS: 1,000,000,000

EVEN IF ALL FARMABLE LAND IS PUT TO USE, WE CAN'T FEED THIS HUGE NEW BUNCH OF PEOPLE WITH PRESENT METHODS...

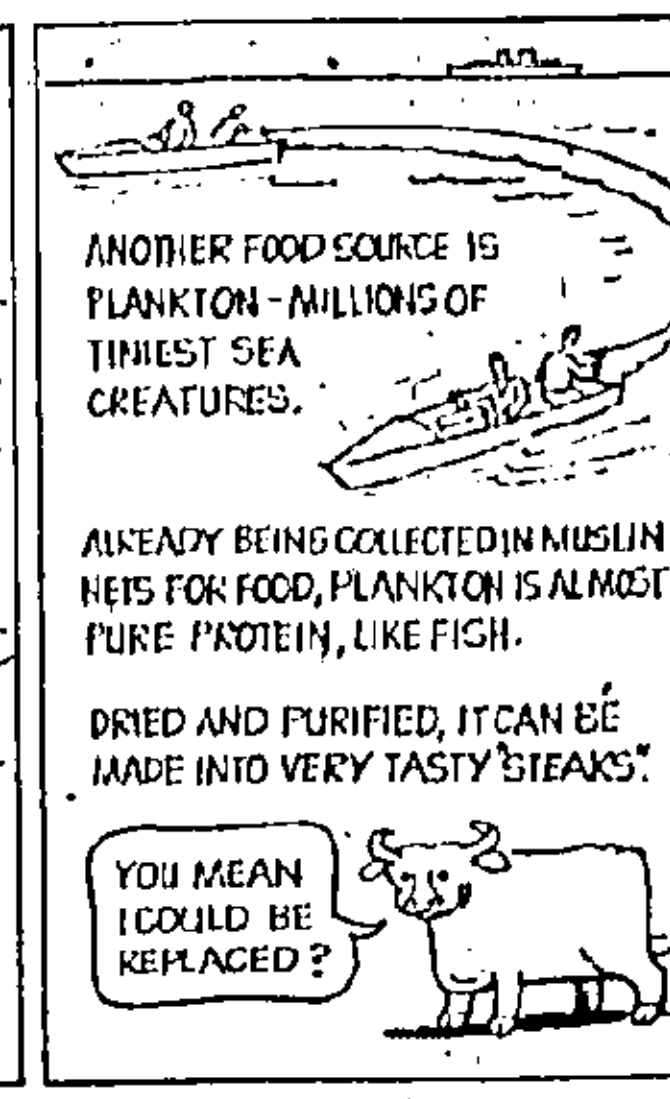


ONE SOLUTION MAY BE FOUND IN THE GREEN SCUM YOU HAVE SEEN ON PONDS—CALLED ALGAE.

IT IS HIGH IN FOOD VALUE (TEN TIMES AS HIGH AS FIELD GRAIN).

AN ACRE OF SURFACE CAN YIELD 14,000 LBS. OF FOOD ALGAE AT A COST OF ONLY 1¢ PER POUND!

HIGH YIELDING SOY BEANS PRODUCE ABOUT 350 LBS. PER ACRE.

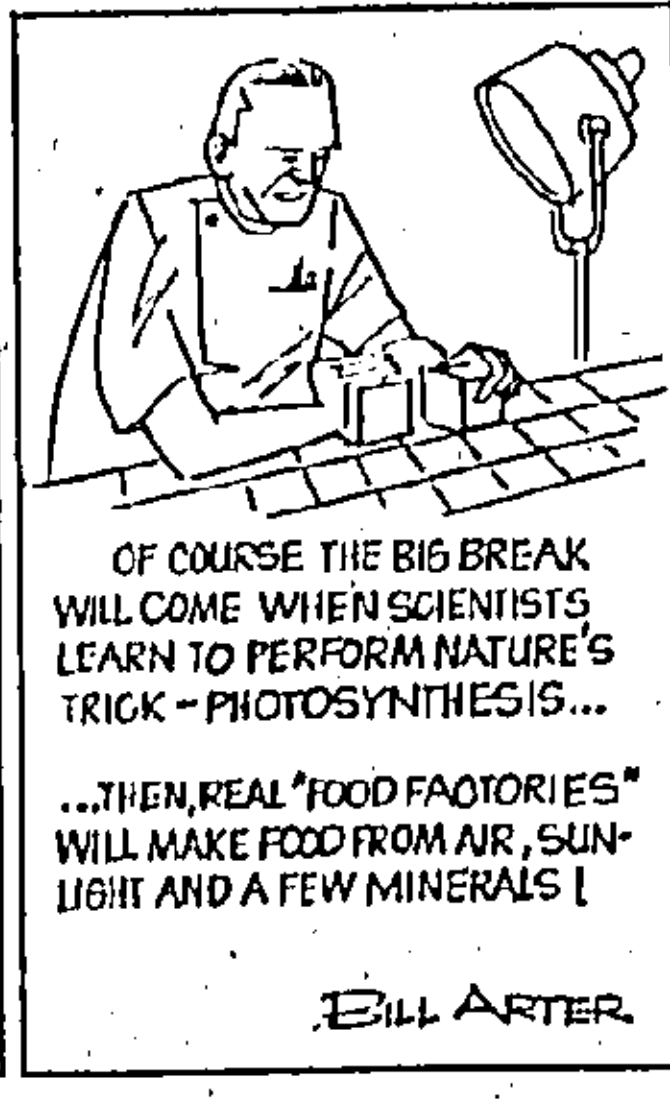


ANOTHER FOOD SOURCE IS PLANKTON—MILLIONS OF TINIEST SEA CREATURES.

ALREADY BEING COLLECTED IN MUSLIN NETS FOR FOOD, PLANKTON IS ALMOST PURE PROTEIN, LIKE FISH.

DRIED AND PURIFIED, IT CAN BE MADE INTO VERY TASTY STEAKS.

YOU MEAN I COULD BE REPLACED?



OF COURSE THE BIG BREAK WILL COME WHEN SCIENTISTS LEARN TO PERFORM NATURE'S TRICK—PHOTOSYNTHESIS...

...THEN REAL "FOOD FACTORIES" WILL MAKE FOOD FROM AIR, SUNLIGHT AND A FEW MINERALS!

Bill Arter

Skies Above—Waltz Of The Heavenly Bodies

By William J. Weiser Jr.

FOR billions of years something the scientists call centrifugal force has been balanced off against gravity and kept the sun and the Earth at about the same distance.

Gravity from the sun pulls the Earth inward while centrifugal force pushes it outward. The inward pull and the outward push balance so the Earth sails along on the same invisible track century after century.

The eight other planets also are held in their orbits around the sun by the same two forces. Planets, which move counter-clockwise around the sun, travel at different speeds. The ones nearest the sun go the fastest. The ones farthest away go the slowest.

Mercury, which is nearest, flits through the sky at about 29 miles a second. It makes one complete trip around the sun every 88 days.

Earth, as you know, takes 365 days to make one trip. But little

Pluto, farthest from the sun, is the slowpoke of planets. It pulls along at three miles a second. It takes 248 years to make one journey around the sun.

The four planets nearest the sun—Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars—are baby or pigmy planets. They are so small that all four could fit into any one of the four giant planets which are beyond Mars.

Between Mars and Jupiter, which is the largest of the planets, is a wide gap filled with thousands of asteroids. Some scientists think these are the remains of a broken-up planet.

Asteroids, like the planets, are held in their orbits by the sun's gravity.

Beyond the asteroids are the giants, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. The outermost planet is small Pluto, just slightly larger than Mercury.

The sun's gravity, besides holding the planets to their

courses, also is responsible for bringing into view one of the most dramatic displays in the skies: comets.

These lousy visitors with the long glowing tails, don't just drop into the solar system from never reappears.

And here is a fudge recipe, when followed exactly, that makes a pan of really yummy confection. One of the reasons why this recipe yields better fudge is because chocolate is used rather than cocoa.

2 cups sugar, 1 cup of milk, 3 tablespoons of corn syrup, 2 tablespoons of butter, 2 oz. square of chocolate (grated or cut into tiny pieces), 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Combine sugar, corn syrup and milk and boil for five minutes. Stir. Add chocolate and butter and continue cooking until it reaches the "soft-ball stage." Or if you have a candy thermometer, cook until the mixture reaches 236 degrees. Add vanilla.

Now take off the stove and beat until the mixture begins to thicken and loses its gloss. Either "drop" spoonfuls on waxed paper or pour it once into a greased pan, and cut into squares when cool.

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ROAR, LION, ROAR

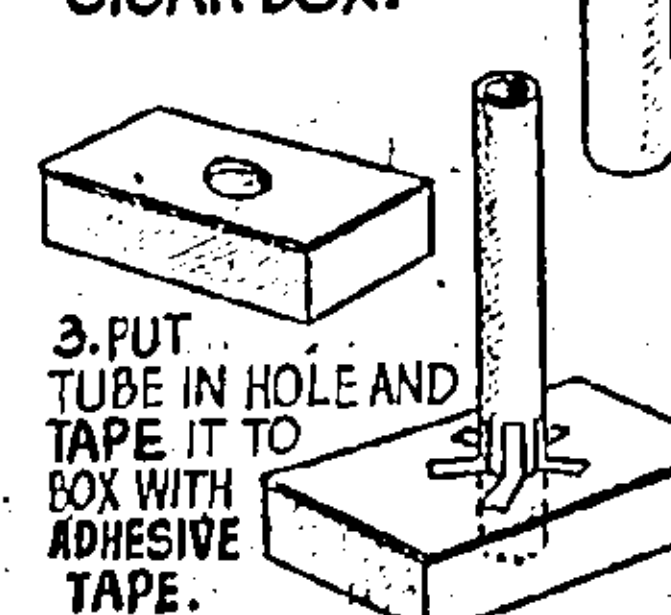


Don't be afraid of this dragon. Jeanette Lowe, shown in the picture, isn't. Jeanette knows that it is a lucky Chinese lion. It was brought to the United States from Hong Kong. And it's annual moment of glory is when it appears as part of the annual Pageant Parade in San Diego, Calif. It is a particular pet of Jeanette and all the children who are lucky enough to attend the Fiesta del Pacifico.

HOW TO MAKE A RING TOSS

1. FIND A HEAVY, NARROW CARDBOARD TUBE ABOUT 12 IN. LONG.

2. CUT A HOLE THE SIZE OF THE END OF THE TUBE IN THE CENTER OF THE LID OF A CIGAR BOX.

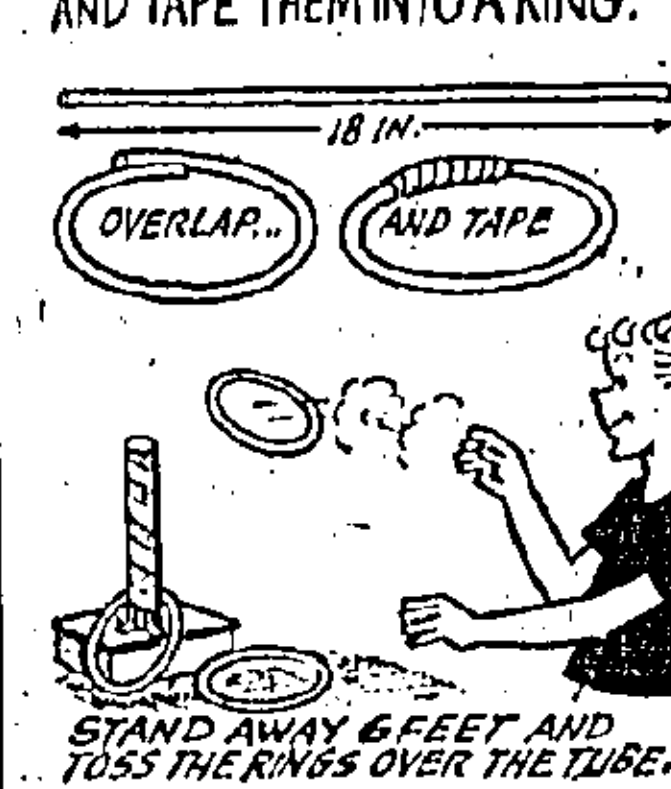


3. PUT TUBE IN HOLE AND TAPE IT TO BOX WITH ADHESIVE TAPE.

DECORATE BOX AND TUBE WITH SHOW CARD PAINT.

4. PUT A FEW ROCKS IN THE BOX TO WEIGHT IT DOWN.

5. CUT SIX 18 INCH PIECES OF CLOTHES LINE ROPE AND TAPE THEM INTO A RING.



Perfect Fudge Every Time

If you and your friends have trouble with fudge, here are some remedies that will fix up almost any type of failure.

If your fudge is TOO THIN keep stirring in powdered sugar until the fudge is exactly the consistency you want.

If your fudge is TOO HARD before you get it out of the pan just add a fourth of a teaspoon of cream or tartar and the fudge will become softer.

GRAINY add a teaspoon of vinegar and your fudge will be smoother.

And here is a fudge recipe, when followed exactly, that makes a pan of really yummy confection. One of the reasons why this recipe yields better fudge is because chocolate is used rather than cocoa.

2 cups sugar, 1 cup of milk, 3 tablespoons of corn syrup, 2 tablespoons of butter, 2 oz. square of chocolate (grated or cut into tiny pieces), 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Combine sugar, corn syrup and milk and boil for five minutes. Stir. Add chocolate and butter and continue cooking until it reaches the "soft-ball stage." Or if you have a candy thermometer, cook until the mixture reaches 236 degrees. Add vanilla.

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The Three Vegetables

—Teddy Discovers He Doesn't Like Onions—

By MAX TRELL

"NOW if you were a vegetable growing in the garden," Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, was saying to his friend Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, "what vegetable would you want to be?"

"No vegetable," answered Teddy promptly. "I don't like vegetables, especially spinach."

Here Knarf came into the room. He asked her brother, Knarf, what he and Teddy were arguing about.

"We're not really arguing," replied Knarf.

"He wants me to be a vegetable," Teddy explained, "but I don't like vegetables, especially spinach."

Good For Him

"Spinach is good for you," Knarf told Teddy. "But I don't know why Knarf wants you to be a vegetable."

Then Knarf told Knarf that he was suggesting a sort of game.

"I said to Teddy, 'Let's suppose we could make ourselves into a vegetable, what vegetable would you want to be?'"

"Why, that's an interesting game," said Knarf. "I'm surprised at you for not liking it."

She added, looking at Teddy, "If I were playing this game, I'd like to be a head of lettuce."

"I'd like to be a pumpkin," said Knarf.

Knarf and Knarf both waited for Teddy to say what he wanted to be. But Teddy shrugged and said: "I'll be anything except spinach."

"All right," replied Knarf. "You can be an onion."

Dressed For Farming

At this very moment, Mr. Merlin, the Magician, who lived somewhere behind the bookcase, suddenly appeared. He was dressed in overalls and heavy shoes. He wore a big straw hat and he carried a rake, a hoe and a shovel over his shoulder.

"Good morning, everybody," he said. "I hear you've decided to be vegetables."

"We're just pretending to be vegetables," Knarf told him.

"I'm going to be a head of lettuce," said Knarf.

"I'm going to be a pumpkin," said Knarf.

"I'm going to be an onion," said Knarf.

"I'm going to be a head of lettuce," said Knarf.

"I'm going to be a pumpkin," said Knarf.

"I'm going to be an onion," said Knarf.

Raked And Hoed

Mr. Merlin, the Magician, did a bit of gardening around the three vegetables just to let them know how it felt. He raked them a bit, he hoed them a bit and he showed them a bit. Finally, he dug them up.

Fortunately, he didn't put Knarf in a salad or make pumpkin pie out of Knarf or slice Teddy into a hamburger.

"I guess you've enough of this game," he said, as he mumbled some more words and the three vegetables became Knarf, Teddy and Knarf again.

Knarf and Knarf were pretty happy about the game, but Teddy kept muttering to himself: "I don't like spinach but I don't like onions, either."

Before Knarf, Knarf or Teddy could raise their voices, Mr. Merlin

BUILDING

To build these words take a word from column I, combine it with a word from Column II and make a six-letter word.

Column I

1. Pea
2. Cat
3. Hat
4. Leg
5. Cow
6. Pig
7. Sea
8. Man
9. Mix
10. Nap
11. Sun
12. Tea

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Can you straighten out Puzzle Pete's sentence about President Taft so it makes sense? Taft, first of (1801-1894), William was governor Philippines Howard the civil.

TAFT—CROSSWORD

A silhouette of President Taft's bust was used to dress up this crossword puzzle:



ACROSS

1 Last name of our host
5 Range
6 Jump
7 Grafted (her.)
8 Talk back (slang)

DOWN

1 Stories
2 Sphere of action
3 Accomplishments
4 Binding strips

MIRROR WORK

If you have trouble reading these names (Taft's wife and children), try them backward: NORREH NEELEH OSNOFLA TREOR SPLEPH SELLAHG GNINNAM NEELEH SRM

TAFT DIAMOND

Puzzle Pete has centered his word diamond on President Taft's first name: WILLIAM. The second word is a small taste; third "vends"; fifth "worked at diligently"; and sixth "sorrowful." These clues should help you complete the diamond.

W
I
L
L
I
A
M

(Solutions on Page 20)

FOODS WHO



THE SOUTH AMERICAN BIRD OF PREY, THE CONDOR HAS A TEN-FOOT WING-SPREAD, SECOND ONLY TO THAT OF THE ALBATROSS.

Rae Recalls Some Of His Big Highlights

SOON after riding in the 1955 Oaks, having changed, I was talking to the Queen's racing manager, Captain Charles Moore. "Will you be over here on Monday?" he asked.

"No, sir," I replied, "I shall be riding in Paris. For I had rides booked at St Cloud for that day. We talked on for a while before I went back into the weighing-room, where it suddenly occurred to me—maybe Captain Moore had been going to ask me to ride for the Queen. I doubt whether I have ever moved so quickly without the aid of a horse."

I dashed out, nearly ran down the Queen's racing manager, and told him: "I can easily be here on Monday, sir." So he bent down from a long way and said: "Good, then will you ride Tenebris for the Queen at Hurst Park?" What a question!

I spent Saturday at St Cloud and Sunday at Longchamps expressing my regrets at being unable to attend St Cloud on the Monday, and returned for my first and only ride in the royal colours.

The Queen was not racing that day, but the Queen Mother was. I was as apprehensive as an apprentice going out for his first ride as I walked to the paddock—pausing for a photographer who recorded Rae Johnstone looking all of 90 years old—to be presented by Captain Moore.

Tenebris was having her first run. She was a little backward but ran a race with me, finishing fourth.

Apparently the Queen Mother and I had talked for quite a while. For when I returned to the weighing-room, the jocks all wanted to know what we had been speaking about.

I wish I could have told them what I could remember now. The truth is that the Queen Mother put me at ease so immediately that I found myself talking quite naturally, effortlessly, about I just don't know what.

But I wish Tenebris had won, so that the conversation could have been renewed in the unsullied enclosure!

I attained the ultimate passport to popularity in the jockey's room by achieving a personal record when riding 47 consecutive losers. It's a lot easier to sympathise with failure than to tolerate success.

★ I have yet to meet a whole bunch of race followers whose attendance is accounted for by a desire to assist in improving the breed.

● No horse can win a Derby through sheer luck.

★ If you take note of what you see on the track and less note of what you hear, you pay less often.

● Ante-post betting on all races is strictly for the birds.

● There is no activity in which financial interest plays a dominant part that is conducted with higher integrity than racing.

First Photo-Finish Derby!



1. RAE JOHNSTONE (AMOUR DRAKE), DOUG SMITH (SWALLOW TAIL), AND CHARLIE ELLIOTT (NIMBUS) STARTING TO MOVE AWAY FROM THE RAILS. 2. NIMBUS MOVES OVER TO SWALLOW TAIL. 3. NIMBUS COLLIDES WITH SWALLOW TAIL. 4. SWALLOW TAIL MOVES OUT INTO AMOUR DRAKE'S LINE. 5. AMOUR DRAKE IS SANDWICHED BETWEEN THE TWO. 6. AMOUR DRAKE, STILL THE SAME DISTANCE FROM THE RAILS AS WHEN STARTING HIS LONG RUN, IS DIRECTLY BEHIND NIMBUS. 7. AMOUR DRAKE RENEWS CHALLENGE.—PICTURES FROM BRITISH MOVIE-TONE NEWS.

Rae Johnstone

telling . . .

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE SO-CALLED 'SWITCH' IN TACTICS WHICH WAS SO FATAL

THIS is the sixth part of the Rae Johnstone Story, certainly the most intriguing personal report to come from the world of racing. Now, for the first time, the facts about the sensational Derby finish of 1949 are told by a man who was at the centre of the drama:—

THE year 1949 was the year in which M. Leon Volterra should have lived to hear that his white and cerise silks had been carried by an Epsom Derby winner.

On May 8 at Longchamps, Val Drake set us wondering whether Amour Drake was going to be the stable's best after all. For on this day in the Prix Hocquart he met Ambrosio, the top colt of the 1948 generation and winner this year of the Prix Greffulhe, and beat him a length and a half. Nor was there any fluke about it.

THE CHOICE

Ten days later, as if to indicate that he was not going to be outdone by his stable companion, Amour Drake staged his best performance yet with a pulverising run in the French "2,000" which he won by five lengths from M. Boussac's Arbace.

Soon I would have to pick—which to ride at Epsom. Most writers suggested it would be Val Drake of the two, since he had virtually no blows on his copybook; he had beaten a top colt in Ambrosio and he had won over the distance.

Charles Bouillon rode Amour Drake in a pre-Derby gallop a week before the big race, and I before Amour Drake won it. He not only won but left me with the impression that he would be best suited to the course. And if reports were correct, we had hardly dismounted before Amour Drake's odds shrank in England from 33-1 to 100-6.

There was no hope of M. Volterra being well enough to make the journey. In fact, no sooner had Mme. Volterra arrived in London on the boat-train on Friday evening and

reached the Savoy than she received an urgent message from Dr Maurice Racine who was attending her husband, recalling her to Paris. M. Volterra had suffered a severe relapse.

Light rain had given way to sunshine as 33 Derby jockeys packed into the relay of ancient taxis that drove us down to the paddock.

There was an enormous crowd and the first to get upset was Gordon Richards's mount Royal Forest, who awaited up and lashed out in the paddock. "I hope neither of you are drawn next to that one," said Dick Carver. We weren't. Charles Bouillon and Val Drake and a low number (3), Amour Drake and I were 22, with Royal Forest on the extreme outside.

THE RUNNING

Charlie Elliott jumped Nimbus off quickly and hustled him up into the lead from Highlander and Val Drake—with Marcel Lollereau on Highlander and Bouillon chatting to each other on the way. Val Drake began to weaken starting the left swing, where Nimbus was hanging away from the fence a bit, and Charlie, looking over his right shoulder, called to Doug Smith on Swallow Tail: "Doug, come up alongside will you?" And he did.

There was no future in hanging around now. I was already pushing and pushing at the foot of the hill. All out half-way up the straight, we had pulled up to and past Royal Forest into third place. Then I could see the front two just beginning to crack.

Amour Drake and I were running side to the right of

the other two, but in a straight line. Steadily, steadily we were picking up ground. Doug had his whip in his left hand, Charlie had eased off the fence and Swallow Tail was hanging slightly to his right, away from the whip, when Nimbus came and caught him a clout that would have roiled Marceliano into a deep slumber.

Clouted off balance, Swallow Tail moved further right, straight into my line.

Checked in a rhythmic run, which had begun just after the turn and was now at the peak of its momentum, I had to switch Amour Drake right, to the outside of Swallow Tail.

There wasn't exactly a whole heap of time to think about it—and even had there been, I reflected afterwards, I should have done the same thing—and I dived left.

OBJECTIONS

The first photo-finish in Derby history was called for as we sped over the line. But I knew, without any shadow of doubt, that Nimbus had won, and the first words I spoke as we pulled up were shouted across to his rider, "I ought to object, Charlie."

Then why didn't I do so? Well, when I got back into the unsaddling enclosure—for the second, Dick Carver had not yet fought his way through the crowd and there was nobody to confer with.

I figured that I was sufficiently unpopular with the English authorities for a complaint from me to count for little.

Gordon, who was fourth on Royal Forest, had an uninter-

rupted view of the events, following directly behind the trio. The result had been announced. "First No. 13" (Nimbus by a head from Amour Drake, with Swallow Tail another head away third) when he came up to me in the dressing-room and said: "You did the right thing not to object, Rae."

A ROASTING

It was Gordon being his very nice self. After all, he must have been feeling disappointed too. But, though I didn't comment, I still felt very sore, and I just thought sourly—I'll bet you'd have objected. For, without interference, Amour Drake would have won by a minimum of one length.

Watching the events broadcast on I suppose it was impossible to get a true picture of what had happened. Otherwise how to account for the roasting of Johnstone in the English Sunday Press for a "fatal switch" or

"fatal change of plan" that "cost him the Derby"? I felt like packing it up there and then. And it was only the friendly persuasion of my wife Mary and others that stopped me, once I got back to Paris on Saturday evening, ringing up the various trainers who had booked me for Hurst Park on the Monday and calling off my rides.

I rang up Mme. Volterra soon after landing to tell her about it all. M. Volterra had listened to the race on the radio, though the doctor would have preferred him to avoid the strain and had taken it well. But it was feared there was little hope for him. And when the doctor said "better luck next time" as the photo-verdict was announced, both he and his patient knew there would be no next time.

On Sunday arrangements had been made for me to see the Derby films run through at a studio just outside Paris. They were stopped at the critical

stages, and the evidence of the camera confirmed every move in the race—evidence which is available to the stewards in America as soon as the race has been run.

THE LOSER

That Sunday evening M. Volterra, the former programme seller who rose to become a leading impresario and to own one of the most powerful stables in Europe, died. Later, at his funeral, I draped the silks carried by Amour Drake over his coffin.

Meanwhile, on Monday I did return to England for Hurst Park. At least one of the daily paper writers, Clive Graham, had studied a Derby film and consequently written an article in my defence. But I still felt pretty sore with everybody and in a mood to turn it all up for tuppence—or less.

CURED

Sir Alfred Butt, who I first met at Deauville after the war and who became a wise counsellor to me, asked me during Epsom to ride a colt belonging to his son, Kenneth, at Hurst.

I felt a little better after Persian Glory, a 100-7 chance, had got up in the last few strides to beat Bill Cook on China Verdict and win the race by a neck. Better still, after my next ride, Fiddler, had won the Whitehall Handicap. And by the time Vulgan won the Vallant Stakes, to complete a hat-trick, I had taken the cure.

In due course this same Vulgan was to provide me with a most unexpected headache.

● The Rae Johnstone Story will be published later this year by Stanley Paul and Co.

NEXT WEEK

How they 'plant' a winner

ROUND UP

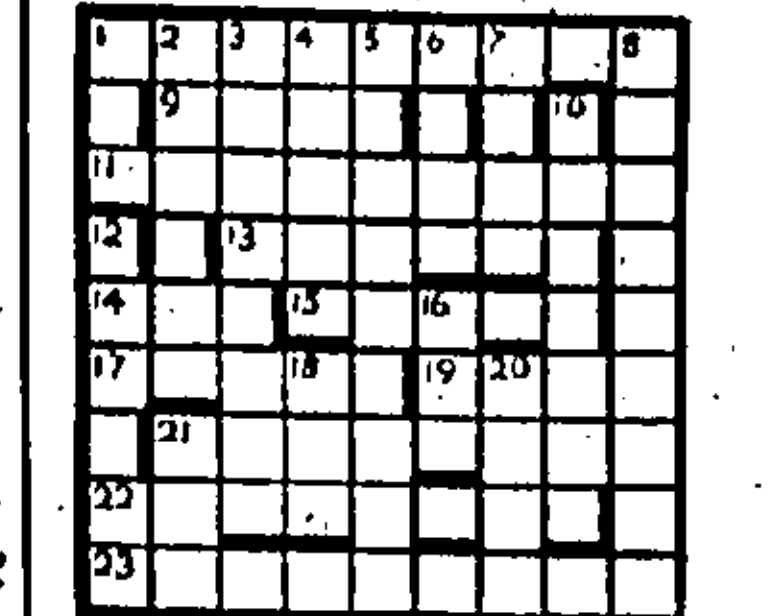
Army Cook Champion

BRITISH Army cooking champion, Sergeant John Roworth, 39, has been asking mothers of 60 recruits about their secret recipes. He met them at Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Strensall, Yorkshire, where the mothers had come to watch the passing-out parade at the depot of the Kings Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. All the mothers shared the lunch with the recruits—prepared by Cook Sergeant Roworth.

Learning To Lead

A TRAINING scheme to develop leadership is being carried out at H.M.S. Caledonia, the artificers training establishment at Rosyth, near Dunfermline. The training includes mountain craft, hiking, camping with a minimum of equipment, and sailing expeditions. Trainee sub-lieutenants from the Royal Naval Engineering College at Plymouth are to participate in courses with the artificers. Captain P. Charig, Caledonia's commanding officer, said: "The object is to develop leadership, initiative and self-reliance. It is important that apprentices should have such training, since they assume positions of responsibility in the fleet not very long after they leave Caledonia."

CROSSWORD



Across
1. Torpid. (4)
2. Indoor game. (9)
3. Fish. (3)
4. At the ready. (5)
5. Nurse. (10-4)
6. High ball. (2)
7. High polish surface. (6)
8. You and me. (5)
9. Life. (10)
10. Scores. (4)
11. "Rain, rain — Spain." (8)
12. "Blacks over." (7)
13. In pearls. (6)
14. In pearls. (6)
15. Animal. (3)
16. "Let him who sneezes." (4)
17. Take many. (4)
18. End. (3)
Down
1. Tring. (6)
2. Fruit. (3)
3. Nymph. (4)
4. Frank. (4)
5. Twists. (8)
6. Decanters. (6)
7. Unpleasant. (6)
8. Sweets. (6)
9. Sweets. (6)
10. Sweets. (6)
11. Sweets. (6)
12. Sweets. (6)
13. Sweets. (6)
14. Sweets. (6)
15. Sweets. (6)
16. Sweets. (6)
17. Sweets. (6)
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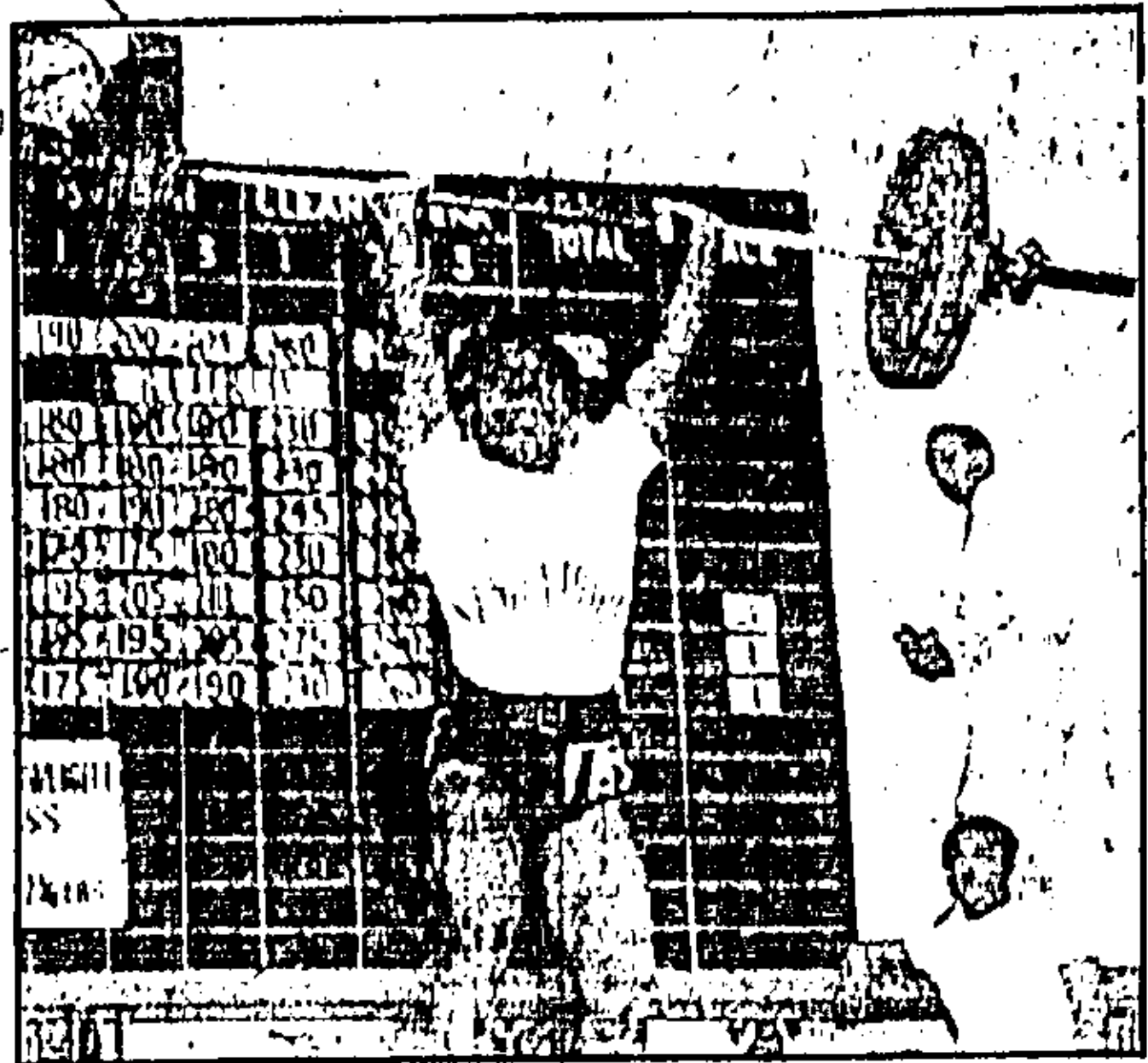
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Record Attempt Fails



Tan Ser-cher of Singapore attempts to lift 290 pounds but fails during the Empire Games at Cardiff. He, however, equalled the Games record with 275 pounds, and was the winner of the featherweight event.—BIPPA Photo.

A THREE MINUTE 50 SECOND MILE ABOUT 1970 SAYS SCIENTIST

A scientific study of record times for the mile suggests that it will be run in 3 minutes 50 seconds about 1970—give or take five years.

This is predicted by British scientist and statistician Dr. Jacob Bronowski. Speaking in a TV programme last week, he said the winner of the Empire Games mile "clearly had plenty in reserve."

Analysis shows there is a curve of increasing speed due largely to modern training methods and the improvement in tracks. The mile time will come down, but said Dr. Bronowski, "whether it can be done in 3 minutes 20 seconds is a real physiological problem and I do not know the answer."

"In some events we are at the physiological limit. Nobody will ever run the 100 yards in seven seconds. I do not believe it will even be run in eight seconds," London Express.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Bowls
1st Division: CCC "A" v. Beccles "A"
2nd Division: FC "A" v. Beccles "B"
3rd Division: FC "A" v. Beccles "B"
4th Division: FC "A" v. Beccles "B"
5th Division: FC "A" v. Beccles "B"
6th Division: FC "A" v. Beccles "B"
7th Division: FC "A" v. Beccles "B"
8th Division: FC "A" v. Beccles "B"
9th Division: FC "A" v. Beccles "B"
10th Division: FC "A" v. Beccles "B"



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AT SYDNEY: KNIVES ARE BEING SHARPENED—AT MELBOURNE: MURDEROUS INTENT

Aussies Are Bent On Revenge

ENGLAND'S AUSTRALIAN TOUR WILL BE THE MOST HECTIC EVER

By HAROLD BUNTING

It looks to me as if England's next Australian tour will be the most hectic ever. You can already hear them sharpening their knives at Sydney; at Melbourne there is murderous intent.

There is so much that cannot be forgotten, much less forgiven. If Australia do not win this time they must indeed be wiped off the cricketing map. And mark my words, they intend to win.

My prophecy is that things will happen that will make the Jardine controversy, by comparison, a mere difference of opinion on a croquet lawn. So prepare for the worst.

That most amiable of cricket writers, Jack Fingleton, is a man who keeps his head. He is not a sensation-monger. He does not read assault and battery in every harmless bumper.

'Disgrace'

Yet it is his book "Masters of Cricket" (Hutchinson, 15 shillings) that fills me with foreboding. What a lot, it seems, the Australians are bent on avenging.

There was that Old Trafford wicket for the July, 1956, Test, when Jim Laker took 9 for 39 in the first innings and 10 for 53 in the second. "Frankly," says Fingleton, "there was not a member of the Australian team who didn't think that something particularly sick in pitch preparation had been put over them at Old Trafford."

"This pitch, for a five-day Test, was a complete disgrace, although had Australia batted first the story might have been different."

There, surely, is the difficulty of those who argue that the pitch was splendidly prepared to trap Australia. Did England's infamy also go to the extent of using a two-headed penny for the toss in order to ensure first knock for England?

The Aussies are, of course, after Laker's blood. What a roar of thwarted revenge went up when Laker announced that he was not available for the coming tour. "He is tanking it," screamed some of their journalists.

A 'Must'

Fingleton wrote his book before all that and Laker's subsequent change of decision, but, even so, he gets the spirit of the thing: "Laker must be chosen... After Old Trafford, surely no England selection committee would dare omit him... I repeat that Laker is a 'must' selection for Australia."

"No England selection committee, surely, would dare deny the Australians their chance of revenge... Never have I known young batsmen so avid as the England batsmen to tilt again with an executioner."

"These Australians are confident that it was not Laker who slew them, but the pitches on which he bowled."

Caution, Fingleton adds: "They could be very, very wrong, of course." But I am sure he does not really think so. He calls also for Trueman, "for he will like Australian pitches, and the Australian batsmen will like him."

40 Steps

And he gives those barrackers something to go on with: "I don't suggest that Trueman was deliberately wasting time when, at Lord's in 1955, he walked from the fine leg boundary to the umpire to give him his cap and then returned to his mark to begin his bowling."

"But... if it had been necessary, under the penalty of suffering a loss of runs, to bowl a certain number of overs an hour, Trueman's captain would certainly have ensured that the cap got to the umpire through somebody else."

He even works out that Trueman was walking 40 unnecessary steps per over! That's fodder for the barrackers, if you like.

Then there is the criticism that Peter May is "a disciple of Hutton—canny and cautious." Look how he was satisfied with the draw that gave England the rubber in the Oval Test of 1958.

"It is well to study these defensive tactics because they have been responsible for much dissatisfaction in recent years, and it will be a pity if they are allowed to oblige again in the next few series between England and Australia."

But those who are prepared already to howl at every Trueman bumper, he warns: "Hutton was full of courage. I never ceased to admire him in the days when Miller and Lindwall never once told by Bradman to 'break it down' or 'cut it out'—plunged him with brow-beating deliveries."

"Australia has nothing to be proud of in this—the fact that we indulged in a flood of bumpers when England had no fast bowlers to retaliate."

If you really want to catch the war-like spirit in which Australia is approaching the coming series, you are offered a condemnation of Craig for "fraternising with the enemy."

It appears that he has played more first class cricket in Australia than in England, that he

has made a business trip to England, and "meanwhile he was made a member of the MCC and a member of the Free Foresters. Both are exclusive cricket clubs, and I doubt whether they provide what Australians would consider a useful background for an Australian Test captain... I don't think a young Australian should be closely linked with such bodies."

Why, on one occasion Craig was even seen wearing his Old Foresters tie. Match that comment with Fingleton's beaming approval of Bedser's retort to Hutton who had taxed him with being too friendly with the Australian players: "I like Australians," Bedser replied. "And I'll go on liking them. But it makes no difference to my cricket attitude towards them. Have a look at my fingers."

No Offence?

Unfortunately, Australians cannot get any comfort from looking at Craig's fingers, but it is seriously suggested that he avoids making runs because he does not want to offend his friends, the England players?

Inevitably for so experienced a cricket-lover, Fingleton's book has much of the "O my Trumper and my Collins long ago" type of reminiscence, but essentially it is a modern book of modern days and modern ways.

Especially modern in the strips it tears off Bradman: I personally think he is a better writer than a selector. "Few who know Australian cricket will dispute the belief that Bradman dominates the game in this country."

"Surely it is not a good thing that any one man, however complete a player, should dominate over-riding powers in a national game."

At Fault

Plainly, Bradman is blamed for Australia's defeat in the last Test. Did he not insist on Johnson as captain in spite of the superior claims of Miller?

But generally Fingleton is looking forward all the time, recalling the past only to seek lessons for the coming battle. From that point of view this is a book that every cricket enthusiast will grab for.

It is a sombre, strongly spoken prologue; a Henry V speech before Agincourt.

Having said his piece, Fingleton strikes firmly to the wings and declares: "Let battle commence."

I can hardly wait for the first dispatches from the front.

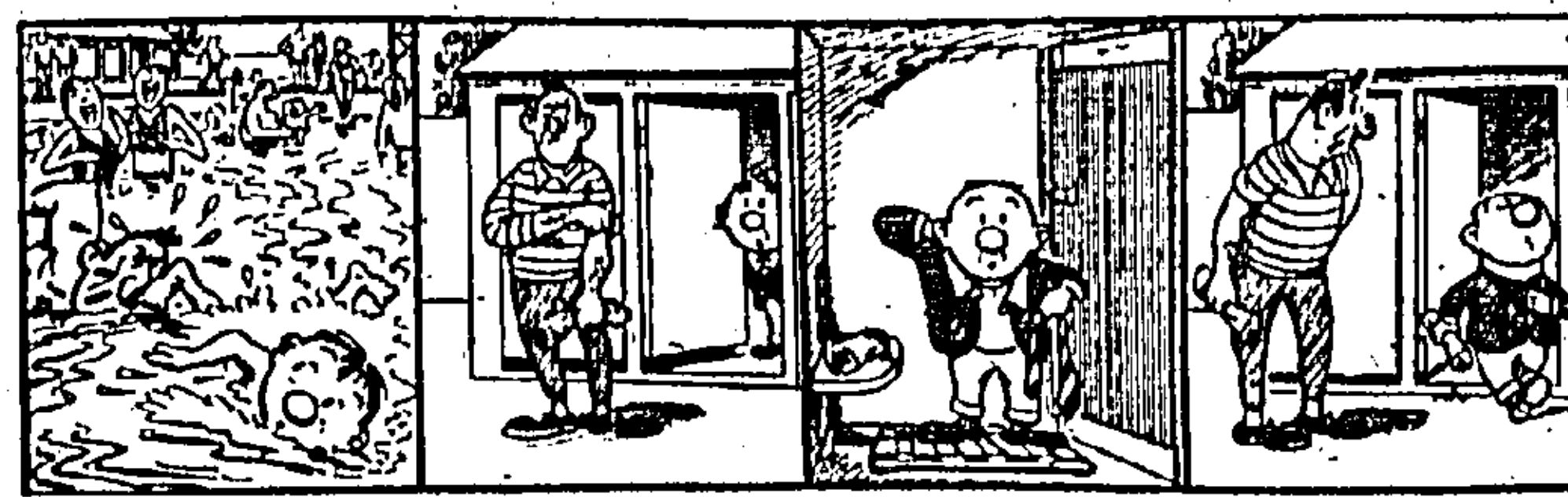
A WARNING TO AMERICAN GOLFERS

Americans are usually noted for their supreme confidence in international sport. But that confidence seems to have been shaken—in golf, at least.

The United States veteran, Gene Sarazen, has just issued this sharp warning to his fellow countrymen: "America has lost the Ryder Cup; the Canada Cup and the Curtis Cup. We'll lose the Walker Cup next year. Our boys are in for a real shock!"

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



RECORDS AHOY—BUT THAT'S NOT ALL IN ATHLETICS

By DENNIS HART

Lucky are athletics' fans as their heroes of the track and field pursue their wonderful record breaking ways.

But a moment's thought please for the athletes. Their job is to keep it up. The Sixth Empire Games was for most sports enthusiasts a magnificent spectacle. For the competitors it means still more work in maintaining the standard.

Good performances seem to count little these days. Only the best will do.

Take the case of Gordon Pirie. At Cardiff he ran his fastest ever three miles with a time of 13 mins 29.6 secs, and his 4 mins 4.1 secs in the mile was the fastest by any Englishman this year.

But in each race he came fourth and was either ignored as a failure or published as a flop.

To keep up with these record-breaking times athletes must give their sport everything they know. What they do not they must learn. This applies to training methods and to race tactics.

The secret of the Australian track successes at Cardiff is not only the amount of work they do in training but the way it is calculated to get the very best out of their men—and women.

Supreme Example

Double gold medal winner Herb Elliott is the supreme example. His success is based on the rediscovery of the basic principles of running—strength and speed. He proved that the ultra scientific approach, which has gripped many athletes, is by no means the only way.

He was led back to nature by the fanatical Percy Cerutti, who coached, guided, bullied and inspired Elliott to success. Now Brian Hewson, the elegant London tailor who was the favourite for the half-mile Empire Games title until being shown the way home by Elliott, is to try taking the tough line with himself.

This "unofficial" approach suits the Australians because athletics is not the well-organised state-aided business it is in America and Russia. In Australia it survives only on the enthusiasm of the athletes, and men like Cerutti.

Australia has only half a dozen cinder tracks and until two years ago virtually no organised coaching. To get a team to Cardiff, Australia's athletes ran exhibition races then took the hot round.

How Much Faster?

Australia is still a pioneer country in athletics. This makes them more likely to prove all the more their conviction that they can run faster than anyone else.

It leads to the question of how much faster can athletes run? For a long time now people have been declaring that the limit has been reached or is in sight. Thirty years ago when Paavo Nurmi, the Flying Finn, clocked 4 min. 10.4 sec. for the mile people said that this really was the end.

Nurmi himself calmly announced that the day of the four-minute mile was not far distant—and was laughed at. Trouble is people invariably base their calculations on current standards and methods. If athletes had continued with the principles that applied in their day the mile record may have remained at about 4 min. 10 sec. Then a man at-

ways rested for three months in the winter for fear of going stale.

Now athletics means hard work all the year round. The great Emil Zatopek showed the value of this. And it applies even to sprinters. The emergence of England's sprint challenge can be traced to the hard work put in last winter under the advice of recently retired champion Brian Shenton.

And man-of-the-meeting at Cardiff, sprinter-hurdler Keith Gardner, of Jamaica, trains for sprinting by running quarter-miles. And tough ones, at that.

So who is to say dogmatically that better methods will never be devised?

This record cult is often a dangerous one. The fact that a man can return a certain time under certain conditions does not guarantee success over a man who has not achieved such a time.

Tactics can be the all-important factor in a race. And it is this side of running at Cardiff which I think heralds such an intriguing future for athletics.

What I found so fascinating about Herb Elliott's victories was the way he not only outran the opposition but outgeneralised it. The man who supposedly needed a fast pace throughout a race fooled them all in the 880 yard by "strolling" along with the rest in the first slow quarter-mile, then turning on the heat at the bell to cover the second lap in 50.5 sec.

In the mile he exploded normal theories by making his break in the third lap—normally the slowest in miling—which he did in 58.9 sec.

Shocked Spectators

Then he could still unleash a final lap of 56.7 sec.

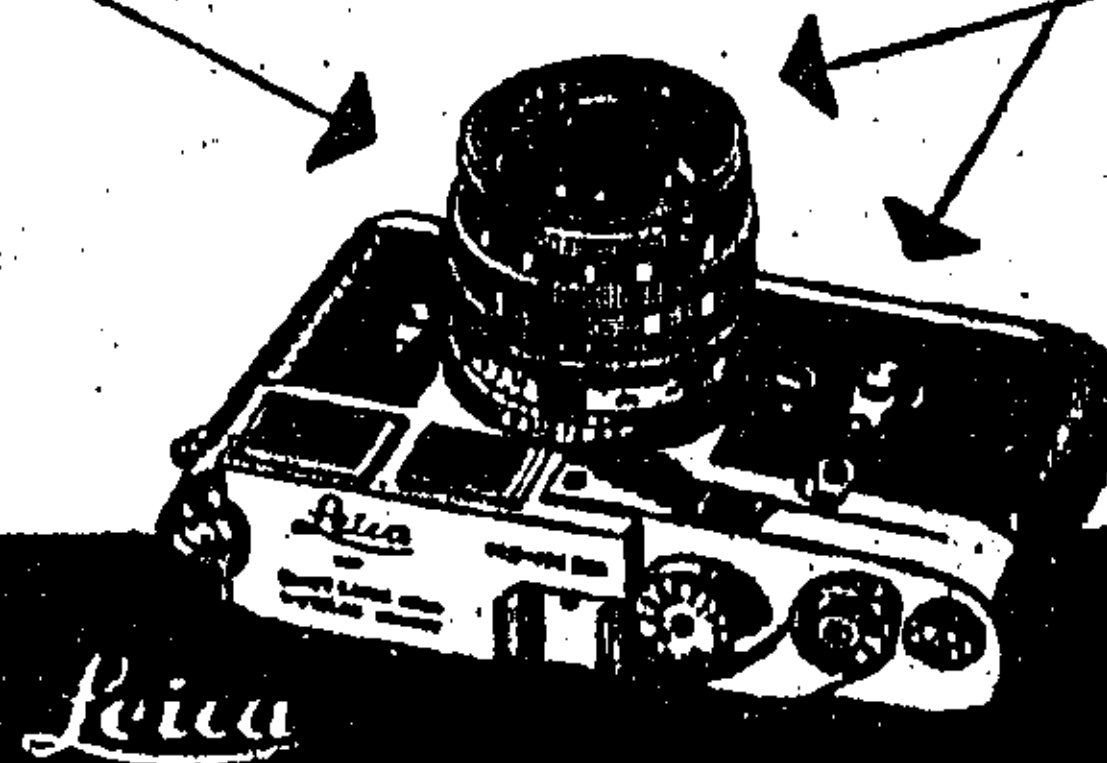
In the three miles New Zealand's Murray Halberg shocked spectators—to say nothing of his competitors—when instead of waiting until near the finish to make his victory bid he did it at the two and a half mile mark.

The effect of such tactics on the opposition is demoralising. But for those who watch, it is fascinating.

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Why Not Miniature Hockey In The Hot Summer Months?

A most interesting suggestion has been put to me by a member of one of our local clubs. The person concerned recently saw a film of the finals of the Land Forces six-a-side hockey competition and felt that it was a stimulating game which should find plenty of support outside of Services circles.

The Colony already has a thriving miniature soccer organisation and small-ball football enjoys tremendous support during the summer months when the 'big' ball is being rested. Is there any real reason why miniature hockey should not achieve the same popularity?

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

The Services—and the Army in particular—derive great enjoyment from playing their mini-game and, as the rules are kept to the minimum, it is easy to catch on to the tricks and trimmings of the art.

For those who may never have seen this hectic game let me assure you it is as invigorating to play as it is entertaining to watch and I am sure that once they got involved the various civilian clubs would quickly embrace it as a winner.

Six-a-side hockey, as played in the Army, is usually staged on a confined concrete 'pitch' which is often a tennis court or basketball court when the hockey enthusiasts have moved on.

Some Ideal Places

In other parts of the world the services have long played a similar sort of game under the name of 'Flick' hockey, a title which was intended to indicate to all participants that the ball should be stroked or flicked rather than hit hard...but I must confess my shins still have undimmed recollections of the savage strength some of the more iron-wristed enthusiasts developed in years gone by.

There are some ideal places in Hongkong where the game could be played outside of military encampments and I feel certain that healthy character-building rivalry would be generated if Services and Civilian teams could meet each other in competition during the long summer evenings.

Well there it is—a very practical suggestion put forward by a young man who likes the idea

of extending the present scope of six-a-side hockey.

Do you think it would be a good idea? The Services might like to test the reactions of some of our local clubs by issuing a challenge or two so that the 'non-believers' could get a chance to wag a stick in serious combat...and so keep it out of season.

The senior officials of the Hongkong Football Association have been duly elected to office for the incoming season but if you imagine that the behind-the-scenes activities have now subsided let me assure you they have not.

The place is abuzz...and whether some folk like to believe it or not, and whether they are prepared to face up to it or not, the fact is that plans are already being laid for the NEXT Annual General Meeting in July 1959!!

Power and position are strictly noted, drugs and addicts find it difficult to be without them...watch developments carefully...it could all be very interesting.

I would like to predict that Colony sportsmen have

found a really helpful new friend in Captain Murdoch Muirhead of the Army Physical Training Corps who has taken over the duties of DOPT at Land Forces Headquarters.

'M-M'—as I am sure he will soon be known—has had a long and distinguished career in sporting affairs in many parts of the world and he has already stated his willingness to co-operate with all or any of our various civilian organisations in any way he can.

No Problem

"If I can help, I will" he said the other day, but he also pointed out that he can only know his help or advice is desired if those who want it contact him with their problems. As he will soon be a familiar figure around the sports fields of the Colony, contacting him should be no problem for anyone.

It is interesting to know that Captain Murdoch Muirhead has had a lot of contact with our old friend Major Mick Walker at the APTC.

The new DOPT took over duty from Major Walker in Gibraltar some years ago and was again in close contact with him at Aldershot immediately prior to coming to Hongkong.

Dissatisfied With His Golf Handicap

SO HE FILES A SUIT AGAINST THE CLUB

No game is taken more seriously by its players than golf—a fact well illustrated by the strange case of Mr William Wacht versus the Pines Ridge Golf Club, Ossining, New York.

Mr Wacht was so dissatisfied with his handicap that he filed a suit in the State Supreme Court to force his club to raise his

handicap from 29 to 34. It seems that Mr Wacht plays an uneven game, winning more frequently in trophy contests than in non-tournament play. He blamed the weather for his varied scores.

After a review of his score card, the club's handicap committee decided that 29 was his proper handicap, though technically he

would be entitled to one of 34.

Golfers Wacht has now dropped his law suit and accepted the handicap "under protest" after being told by the Supreme Court that golf is a sport for gentlemen able to settle their disputes by locker-room discussion.

Other golfers, please take note.

(London Express Service).

He has therefore almost certainly been well briefed on the Colony's sporting activities by one who made a tremendous personal contribution to them while he was here.

This should all count to our advantage and those of us who remember the close and happy ties that existed between Army and civilian sports organisations during the time Major Walker was at HQ will look forward to a speedy re-establishment of them in the months ahead.

A matter which is receiving much comment at the present time in the soccer alleys is that of the two Hongkong footballers who were ordered off from the field during the Asian Games.

No official word has been published on the subject since the press reports that the players had been ordered off...and, as far as Hongkong is concerned, it is difficult to justify the current attitude that the player who was ordered off in a Taiwan shirt has nothing to do with us.

Black Marks

The fact that a Hongkong player was ordered off the field is of the greatest importance to this Colony whether the player was playing in the colours of Taiwan or Timbuctoo Rangers. Nothing can change his registration as a Hongkong footballer and he will be a Hongkong representative who also received marching orders.

are black marks on our international record.

Many people are asking what is going to be done about them. Others are asking if the HKFA is utterly indifferent to what has happened...but personally I think a simple statement from the Football Association on the present situation would stop a lot of idle gossip which suggests that players of big influential clubs are 'untouchables'. Are they??

Some weeks ago I told you about a young sportsman who went to Tokyo as a Hongkong representative at the Asian Games and who has since been accused of misconduct while he was in Japan.

I hold no brief whatsoever for the individual concerned. He may have done things which were wrong or he may merely have found his personality or point of view incompatible with others in the official party. BUT WHATEVER HE DID, WHETHER IT WAS RIGHT OR WRONG, HE DOES NOT DESERVE THE TREATMENT HE HAS RECEIVED SINCE HIS RETURN MORE THAN TWO MONTHS AGO.

Malicious Stories

Malicious stories have been bandied around and if they were true then the athlete concerned would indeed deserve all that was coming to him...but there is not the slightest

doubt that the wild highly coloured rumours are without foundation and that the individual's reputation is being unnecessarily blemished.

After my second article I was assured by an important official of the organisation sponsoring the team that he would see—in everyone's interest—that a statement was made to the press. As far as I can find out this has not been done and the stagnation stage, which is so typical of the less savoury situations which arise here, is beginning to set in.

Shabbily Treated

The person who is now being so shabbily treated was Hongkong's chosen representative at the Asian Games, your representative, and mine...selected by an organisation which frequently turns to the public for financial assistance to send its members overseas...therefore, you, I, and the Colony in general, has every right to know what is going on...

I think I am now in possession of most of the facts...as well as being a witness to many of the rumours...but I still feel the story should be told by the particular association responsible for the individual's selection in the first place. If it is not forthcoming, however, I shall feel free to tell what I know about a most unsatisfactory state of affairs.

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TODAY'S LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE GAMES

It is doubtful if the Colony lawn bowls league matches scheduled for today can be played off because of the very wet greens and the uncertain weather, but if play is possible the main attraction will be supplied by the first division match between Craigengower Cricket Club "A" and Recreation "A" at the Valley.

With only four games to go, Recreation "A" are now at the top of the first division league table with 45 points. Far behind them are Indian Recreation Club with 37 points and five matches outstanding and Craigengower "A" with 36 points and as many games still to be played.

A win for the Portuguese Club today will practically assure them of the Championship although they still have to contend with Kowloon Cricket Club, Indian Recreation Club and Kowloon Bowling Green Club in their remaining matches.

A week ago I would have forecasted a win for the Valley Club, but today should the

game be played, the odds are slightly in favour of the league leaders. They are now back to their normal strength with the return of Daniel Lau and A. P. Pereira and will be fielding three well-balanced rinks. Lau, however, who has been sick for the last few days may not be able to make the game, and in this case the odds will be fairly even.

Four Points Certain

In the other first division games, Kowloon Cricket Club who will be at home to Craigengower "B" are certain of taking four if not five points from their visitors. The Craigengower juniors are now well behind the other teams in this

by
ROBERT TAY

division and are practically sure to be demoted to the second division next season.

The other two games should produce some very keen battles. At Recreation "B" will probably have a difficult task of stopping Kowloon Dock from scoring a 4-1 win. At Quarry Bay, Talkoo, despite their failure against Kowloon Bowling Green Club last Tuesday, will think give Indian Recreation

Club a full run for all their worth this afternoon and an upset is not unlikely.

The second division games are not likely to produce any significant changes in the league table. The only slight change will probably be the gap between Filipino Club "B" and second placed Indian Recreation Club. The FC "B" may drop one point to KCC, but the Indians are extremely likely to collect full points from Kowloon Dock Club.

Third-placed Recreation will be guests of Hongkong Cricket Club and may have to produce some good bowls to outpoint the cricketers who at their best can be a match for any second division team.

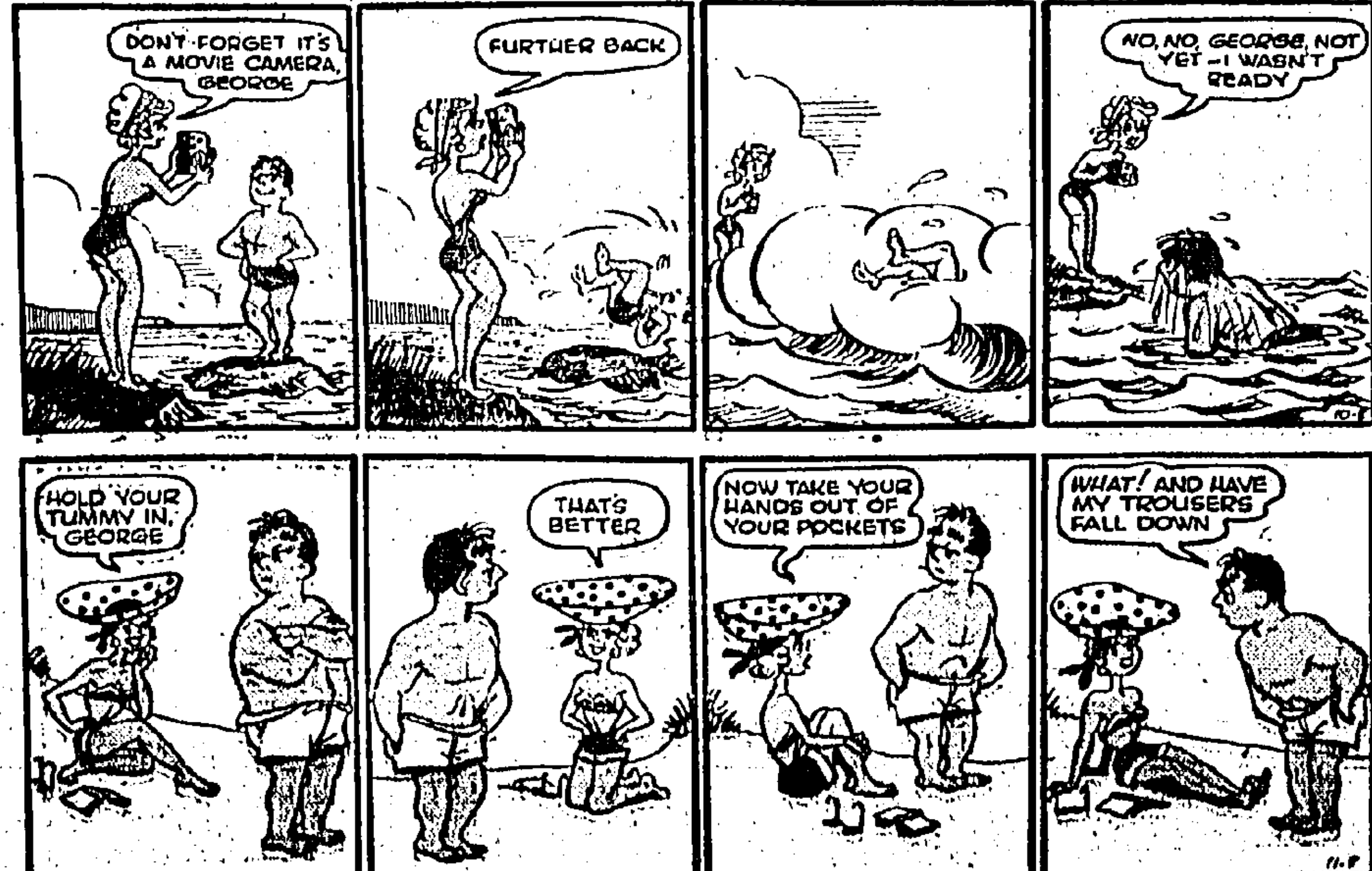
The third division games will be featured by the return clash between league-leading USRC and third-placed Craigengower Cricket Club at King's Park.

Much Too Good

With eight matches to go, the Services twelve are now well ahead of the pack but are still within the reach of Police Recreation Club who are 8½ points behind.

On their present form, however, the Services are much too good for any third division team and there is every possibility that they will maintain their unbeaten record right through the season. This afternoon a 4-1 win for them is indicated.

THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



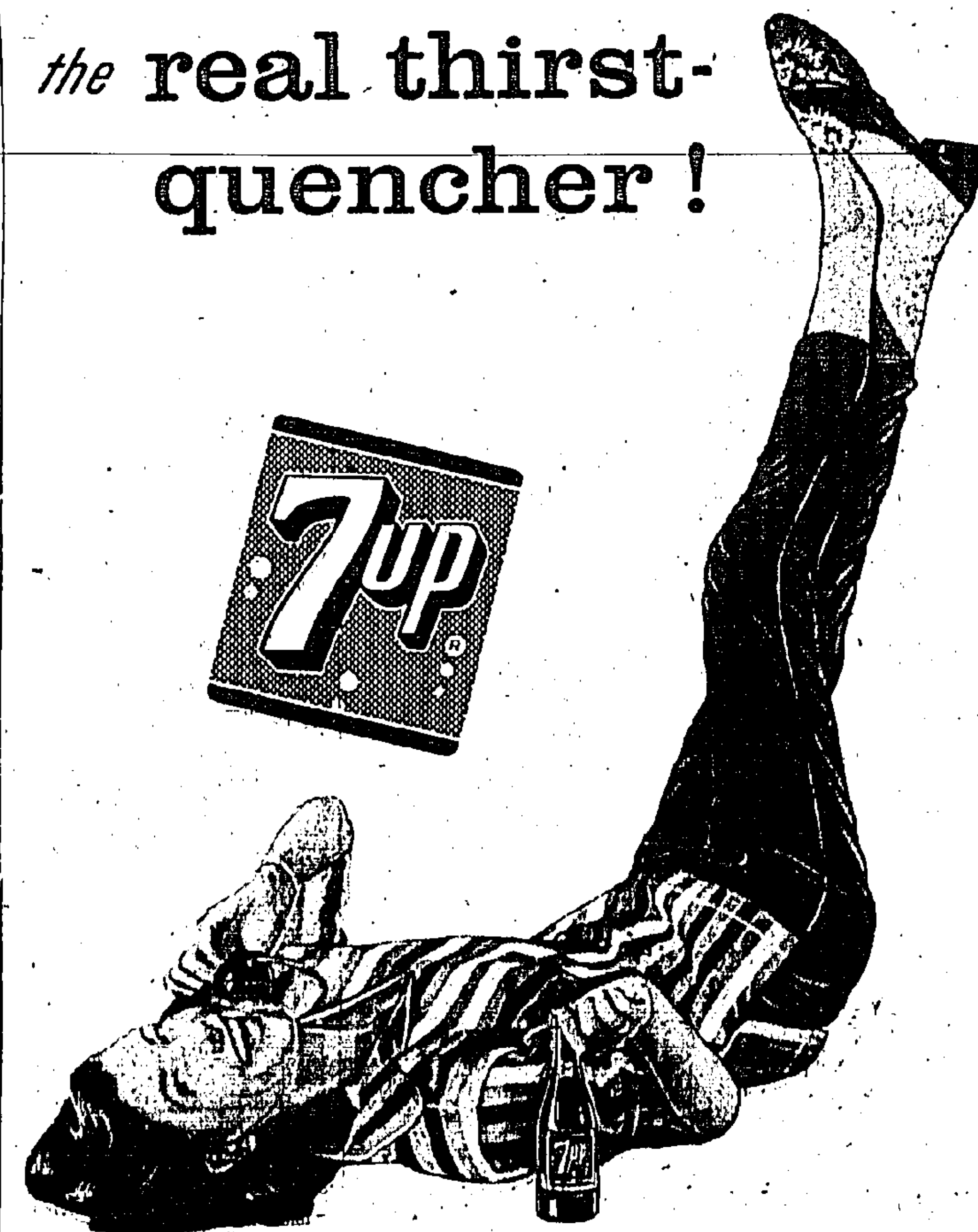
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